

BUTTERFLY AND MOTH FREAKS (Illustrated)

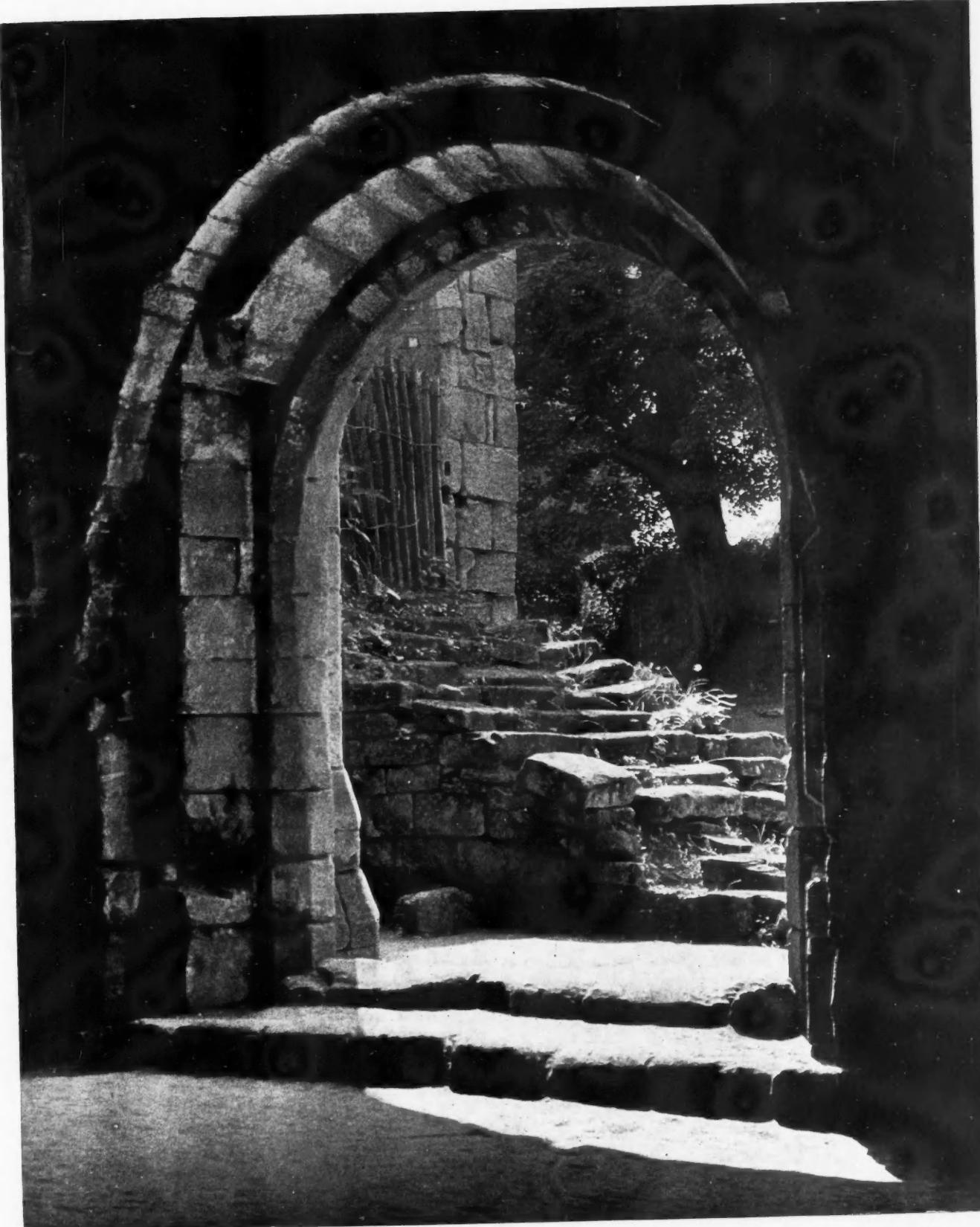
DEC 5 1941

Country Life

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Advertisements under this heading will be found on the CLASSIFIED PROPERTIES feature on page 808.

Country Life

VOL. XC. No. 2337.

OCTOBER 31, 1941.

Published Friday, Price ONE SHILLING & THREEPENCE.

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Superior Farm Residence containing 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom and usual offices.

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14 bed and dressing
rooms,
5 bathrooms.



Central heating.
Company's electric light.
Ample water supply.
Septic tank drainage.
Stabling for 19.
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Well-timbered
PLEASURE GROUNDS

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is in hand, extends to

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COMFORTABLE
GEORGIAN
RESIDENCE

with finely proportioned rooms.
8 bed, 3 baths, 4 reception rooms.
Lavatory basins.

Central heating. Main electricity, gas and water.



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OLD-WORLD GARDENS AND PADDOCKS.
14 ACRES

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2 OLD BARNS. GUEST HOUSE.
2 COTTAGES.

EXQUISITE OLD-WORLD
GARDENS AND GROUNDS

WITH FRONTAGE OF ½ MILE
TO THE RIVER WITH LARGE
BOAT-HOUSE

FREEHOLD FOR SALE
WITH 25 ACRES

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850ft. above sea level commanding magnificent Views.



AN ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY RESIDENCE
13 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Modern conveniences. Garage for 2 cars. Cottage. The Pleasure Grounds are well timbered, including tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc.

IN ALL ABOUT 9½ ACRES. FREEHOLD FOR SALE
OR WOULD BE LET UNFURNISHED FOR 3 YEARS OR MORE

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Near to a market town



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7 or 8 bedrooms, 3 attics, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Modern conveniences. Central heating. Stabling. Garage. Outhouses.

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A COLONIAL STYLE HOUSE

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SLOPING LAWNS TO A CHAIN OF STREAM-FED TROUT POOLS, ROSE GARDEN, LARGE WALLED GARDEN.

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FREEHOLD MODERN HOUSE

Standing on greensand soil, 275ft. above sea level, facing South. It is built of brick and tiled and approached by a long drive. Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, kitchen with "Aga" cooker.

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Stabling with rooms over. Garage for 4 cars. 5-roomed cottage.

GARDEN of about 2 ACRES. Vegetable garden. Arable land.

ABOUT 26 ACRES

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AND APPROACHED BY A DRIVE.

THE ACCOMMODATION IS ALL ON TWO FLOORS:

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THERE IS A GARDEN AT THE FRONT
AND REAR OF THE HOUSE
PRICE FREEHOLD £3,650

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about 150 years old, now thoroughly modernised, situated on rising ground and faces South with magnificent views. Hall, 3 reception rooms, 6/8 bedrooms and 3 bathrooms.

Electricity. Central heating. Main water, gas and drainage. Garage for 2. Outbuildings.

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Choice south position with a panoramic view.

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A LOVELY OLD FARM HOUSE

DATING BACK TO 1540.

BEAUTIFULLY RESTORED, MODERNISED AND IN FAULTLESS ORDER THROUGHOUT.

CENTRAL HEATING, FITTED BASINS.

3 BATHROOMS. AGA COOKER.

3 delightful sitting rooms including THE OAK ROOM PANELLED THROUGHOUT
27ft. x 18ft. 9in.



8 BEDROOMS, GARAGE, 2 COTTAGES.

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C.O.'s electric light, gas and water.

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Secluded position facing large estate, 17 miles from London.
CHARMING MODERN RESIDENCE

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Main services, 2 garages, Cottage.

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FASCINATING XVTH CENTURY HOUSE in lovely rural country. In splendid order, with electric light, central heating, etc. 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. MOST CHARMING GARDENS OF 3 ACRES WITH HARD COURT.

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A VALUABLE RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE

IN A LOVELY PART OF HAMPSHIRE WITHIN EASY REACH OF WINCHESTER

THE HOUSE HAS BEEN THE SUBJECT OF GREAT EXPENDITURE AND IS NOW IN BEAUTIFUL ORDER AND VERY FINELY APPOINTED

Approached by a long drive through the park and standing high up with lovely views.

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BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED GARDENS OF SINGULAR CHARM WITH HARD COURT

RICH PASTURE AND ARABLE LAND AND ABOUT 50 ACRES OF VALUABLE WOODLANDS

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Lovely unspoiled country, 600ft. up on the Chilterns.



A DELIGHTFUL OLD TUDOR HOUSE RICH IN CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES. MODERNISED AND FITTED WITH EVERY CONVENIENCE. 4 reception, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Stabling. Garage. Set within 25 ACRES including delightful old-world gardens with small swimming pool.

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LOVELY TUDOR HOUSE WITH 120 ACRES



FREEHOLD £7,500

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FINE SITUATION AND BEAUTIFUL VIEWS.

3 reception (one 34ft. x 16ft.), sun parlour, 6 bed (one 26ft. x 18ft.), 2 bath. Electricity. Aga cooker. Central heating. Excellent repair throughout.

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120 ACRES.

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VERY WELL BUILT COUNTRY HOUSE OF STONE ENJOYING LOVELY AND EXTENSIVE VIEWS.

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Garage. Stabling. Cowhouse, Dairy. Inexpensive gardens, orchard and pasture.

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Hall, 3/4 reception, bathroom, 8/11 bed and dressing rooms. Electric light.

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of architectural merit, and with historical
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STABLE AND AMPLE STABLING
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COTTAGE FOR CHAUFFEUR.



Delightful Gardens and
Grounds, Squash Racquet
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TROUT FISHING
FOR A MILE, IN A STREAM ON THE
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HOME FARM OF ABOUT 300 ACRES
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FOR SALE WITH A TOTAL AREA OF 334 ACRES

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About 300 feet above sea level and close to many well-known Beauty Spots.

Secluded position South aspect

CHARMING MODERN HOUSE IN
QUEEN ANNE STYLE



Hall, 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom.
Main electricity and water. Central heating.

Capital Cottage Large Garage

Well timbered grounds with tennis and other lawns,
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4½ Acres

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

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On the outskirts of a quiet village and about 4 miles from main line station.

A DELIGHTFUL OLD MANOR HOUSE

Principally Elizabethan standing in charming well-timbered grounds and containing lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.

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Fully matured gardens, tennis court, orchard, paddock, etc., in all **ABOUT 6½ ACRES**.

ONLY £2,750.

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Solely for the purpose of investment.

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In a delightful position high up, facing south and commanding lovely views.

AN ATTRACTIVE SMALL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE INCLUDING A GEORGIAN PERIOD HOUSE

seated amidst parklike surroundings



3 reception, billiards room, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Electric Light. Main Water.
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3 cottages, stabling, delightful gardens and grounds with lake, open-air swimming bath, walled kitchen garden, woodland, parklands and rich water meadows bounded by a river, in all about **120 ACRES**.

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Bounded on the North by the River Stour.
EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE ELIZABETHAN
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COTTAGE AND FARM BUILDINGS.

230 ACRES

MOSTLY RICH PASTURE.

APPROXIMATE INCOME £470 P.A.

PRICE £9,200 FREEHOLD

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MODERN STONE-BUILT HOUSE

high up with extensive views.



Hall, 3 reception, 10 bed, 3 bath rooms.
Electric light.

FIRST-CLASS HUNTER STABLING.

50 ACRES. ALL PASTURE

FOR SALE FREEHOLD
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Natural woodland setting in unspoiled country with fine views
FIRST-CLASS MODERN HOUSE

3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 4 bath rooms, model offices.
LARGE GARAGE. GARDENER'S COTTAGE

WELL LAID-OUT GARDENS

ABOUT 40 ACRES

TO BE SOLD. MIGHT BE LET FURNISHED

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A VERY FINE AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE

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MAGNIFICENT PARK WITH CHAIN OF LAKES AFFORDING COARSE FISHING, ALSO

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IN ALL ABOUT 868 ACRES FOR SALE FREEHOLD

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ONE OF THE BEST DAIRY FARMS IN THE COUNTY

COMPRISING AN

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2 COTTAGES, AMPLE BRICK-BUILT BUILDINGS

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300 ACRES OF FATIGUE PASTURELAND

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4 reception rooms, 7 bed-
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Electricity.

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Picturesque cottage.

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Magnificent trees, pasture,
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FREEHOLD £4,500 OR £3,750 EXCLUDING COTTAGE

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Restful Berkshire, within 3 miles of Reading

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4 ACRES

TO LET FURNISHED WITH OPTION TO PURCHASE FREEHOLD

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5 miles from Alresford, 9 miles from Basingstoke, and 12 miles from Winchester.

Most attractive TUDOR RESIDENCE, known as "SCRIVENERS"

4 reception, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Modern kitchen, servants' sitting room.



Garage for 2 cars. Gardener's bungalow
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£4,500 FREEHOLD VERY ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE



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BEAUTIFUL HARBOUR
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Excellent offices. All
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6 bed and dressing rooms, 2 fine bathrooms,
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BEDROOMS. CENTRAL HEATING.
Well-planned, tastefully decorated. Garage
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THIS ATTRACTIVE, WELL-
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situate in a garden of about
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Built to Architect's design, it
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WITH 3 LARGE RECEPTION ROOMS, 5 GOOD SIZED BEDROOMS, 2 WELL FITTED BATHROOMS, GARAGE, ETC.
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LOG CABIN BOATHOUSE 30FT. BY 20FT.

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In the Darent Valley, half a mile from station, with electric service to Victoria in 40 minutes.

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2 reception rooms, sun room, 5 bedrooms, bathroom.

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GARAGE.

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ULTRA MODERN LABOUR-SAVING RESIDENCE IN PERFECT CONDITION

Main electric light and water. "Aga" cooker. LARGE GARAGE. CONVERTED OAST HOUSE WITH GAMES ROOM 35ft. x 20ft. Hard tennis court.

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Lounge hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, all with fitted wash-basins, 2 baths.

MAIN WATER AND DRAINAGE.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS, LAWNS, ROCK GARDEN
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1½ ACRES £2,500

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RESIDENCE

THOROUGHLY WELL-BUILT
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2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms.
Entrance and staircase halls. Well
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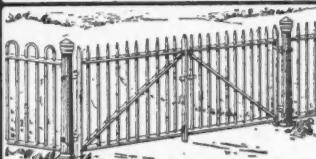


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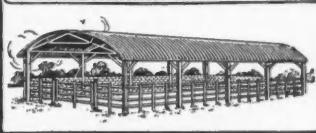
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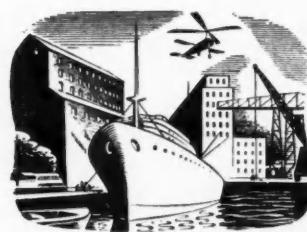
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INDUSTRY IN THE FUTURE



■ One of the most striking achievements of the war is the thorough reorganisation of Industry.

It is difficult now to suggest just how Industry will employ itself when its preoccupation with war is gone, but we can be sure that the trade revival after the war will yield results in the form of manufactured goods for our own use, and for sale abroad, that only the word astonishing, used in its exact sense, will adequately describe.

In our own lifetime we have seen the invention of the telephone, the world-wide application of wireless, the birth of television, the discovery of radium, the development of aviation, the talking picture, colour photography and dozens of other astonishing accomplishments. The brains of Industry will be impoverished indeed if they do not

improve upon even this imposing record within the next decade.

The products of our enterprise and labour will be carried far across the world. Long-distance air-liners will introduce salesmen to hitherto inaccessible communities where new friends will be made and new customers found.

Fast ships will unload in distant ports, transferring their "British Made" cargoes to transport aeroplanes and helicopters for speedy delivery to remote places. They will return with valuable cargoes for our own consumption or for conversion into useful commodities for sale at home and

abroad. "Distance no object" will have a genuine ring in commercial transactions of the future.

Today, Industry is learning—in a remarkably short space of time—very much that will never be forgotten. The discovery of new materials and the ingenuity of scientists, engineers and others exercised in moulding them to our immediate purpose will have a truly surprising effect upon life and work in the future.

Also, with the unprecedented development of the methods of mass production, and the consequent speeding up of manufacturing processes, we may look forward to shorter working hours, allowing more time for leisure and for living, and more opportunity to enjoy the thousand and one useful things that post-war Industry will produce for the happiness of all mankind.

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COUNTRY LIFE

OCTOBER 31, 1941



Harlip

MRS. RALPH WIGRAM

Mrs. Wigram, who is the bride of the Rt. Hon. Sir John Anderson, M.P., is the widow of Mr. Ralph Wigram, C.M.G., Counsellor in H.M. Diplomatic Service, and daughter of the late Mr. J. E. C. Bodley. She is a direct descendant of Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of the Bodleian Library.

COUNTRY LIFE

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Postal rates on this issue: Inland 2½d., Canada 1½d., Elsewhere abroad 2½d.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in COUNTRY LIFE should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S MESSAGE

IT was the Prime Minister who first declared with no uncertain voice that the farm workers of this country were manning the front line trenches in this war; and he has now, at the end of two farming years, paid them unstinted tribute for their strenuous and disciplined successes. Successful as they have been in maintaining the food front, there must, as he says, be no relaxation. More ships are urgently needed to carry war supplies to Russia. "You can release more ships by growing still more food in this country and so hasten the day of victory." There can be no doubt as to the response. What has already been accomplished was told in detail by the Minister of Agriculture at Norwich. A year ago it was considered impossible that we could make good the loss in supply of imported concentrates. But it has been done in the actual 12 months. It is impossible to-day, of course, to balance exactly figures of import and production, but the fact remains that the expected gap has been closed by the efforts of the British farmer. So far as the immediate future is concerned, the Prime Minister's message is "God speed the Plough." In the last war that was taken as a purely war-time motto. It is to be hoped that no illusions of the kind remain. The production of cereal crops on the scale which alone can secure the maximum of nutritive food in this country is no mere emergency plan. It is, and must remain, the foundation of permanent policy. There must always be a "balance" in production, as we all know, but the country has not yet arrived at the point where further cereal production would hinder rather than help our struggle towards that "optimum" output of health-giving and nutritive food which townsmen, as well as farmers, now agree to be our only possible goal. The immediate implications were outlined by Mr. Hudson: wheat as the sheet anchor, more beans for next winter's cattle, ample potatoes as an insurance, and "every gallon of milk"—a sound programme for our farmers to work to from every point of view.

THE FOOD FRONT

ALL who reflect on the matter will agree that the position of the Minister of Food is as unenviable as it is responsible. Every citizen is affected by every decision and regulation which his department makes, and as those decisions are necessarily restrictive in character, each one of them is bound to be obnoxious in some quarter or other. Added to that the inevitable mistakes and maladjustments of hastily improvised local administration are certain to be attributed in the last resort to the Ministry. When, however, we come to review the present situation, we may well be satisfied that we are not much worse off than we are. We are feeling no real shortage of food, and, while we thank our sailors and farmers for having made that possible, we may be very grateful as well to Lord Woolton for his strenuous efforts to adjust the balance between buyer and seller—they naturally cannot always be completely successful—and equally grateful for the constructive way in which he envisages his task. For many years past we have laid stress on the importance of the right food and the right amounts of it to all classes of the community, and especially to children. This principle of national nutrition underlies all the plans

which Lord Woolton announced or discussed last week. The "school milk" policy is being extended, and the available oranges are being ear-marked for children under six. The provision of a complete meal in school for all children is being encouraged and the Board of Education is co-operating. For local authorities who do not take advantage of the Government's help there is compulsion in reserve. The diet of heavy workers is another of Lord Woolton's chief concerns, and altogether it would appear that in his selective feeding plans he is envisaging a complete war-time dietary mapped out—within the varying limitations of supplies—according to the need and service of the individual. Some may say this is too ambitious, but they will not deny that it is on the right lines.

REPLANNING THE CITY

IT is not desirable to Haussmannise the City: there is charm and character about the small streets and alleys, and traffic requirements would be met if through traffic were kept out of them by good main routes adjoining. There should be traffic circuses where main routes intersect, and the latter should be wide enough to allow cars to be parked down the centre. These are some of the principles for the replanning of the City put forward by Sir Giles Scott in the second Royal Academy Discourse which he recently delivered in the presence of the Lord Mayor. Among other innovations he foresees is hot water laid on as a public service, which would greatly help with smoke abatement; and a simplification of road equipment—lamps, traffic signs, kiosks, pillar-boxes, etc., so far as possible combined. Of Sir Giles's concrete proposals the most impressive is a grass close round St. Paul's where nearly all the buildings have been blitzed, leaving only the Deanery and Chapter House within it to give scale to the cathedral, and a direct axial approach to the dome from the river, continued north to Newgate Street. No less effective, and practical, is the creation of a Civic Centre at the Guildhall with the old hall enshrined at its centre and including a new Mansion House. If this is found possible it would have the important result of enabling a proper traffic circus to be formed at the Bank. Some of the City Fathers may have been aghast at these suggestions, but many realise that the opportunity of 1,000 years, to atone for a millennium of wasted chances, is now theirs.

THOUGHT FOR THESE TIMES

IN this old barn there is no war.
The swallows rear their young again;
Watch them a moment, this is far
From horror. Here are two minds sane.

Lovely, and calm, and occupied
With their good usual work all day.
Here for a moment let ill slide,
Watching the proper deeds of May.

Silent as moths, with gleaming breast
They hover in the raftered gloom,
And dart with food about the nest,
And have no thought for death or doom.

DOROTHY BERNARD.

FLATS, STREETS, OR GARDENS?

THE Flats versus House with Garden controversy, revived by Mr. Williams-Ellis's suggestion in *The Spectator* (and referred to in a recent Note) that types of each should be erected for conclusive trial before national policy is settled, has spread to other weekly reviews. Some Housers regard the suggestion as implying that housing policy has not hitherto been based on popular preference. Whether one likes the result or not, it is obvious that the millions of small houses built by elected Councils and Building Societies would not have been undertaken if there had not been the demand. A very illuminating contribution to the question is contained in *When We Build Again* (Allen and Unwin, 8s. 6d.), a study based on research into conditions in Birmingham by the Bournville Village Trust. They found that 92.4 per cent. of the people of the whole city specifically want gardens; of those who have gardens only about 3 per cent. do not want them; and only 2 per cent. in the outer rings, and 5 per cent. in the inner wards, want flats. Mr. Tom Harrisson, of Mass Observation, writing in the

New Statesman, gives strikingly similar results from London boroughs: "of street dwellers in these boroughs only 3 per cent. say they want to live in flats, while three-quarters of Stepney flat-dwellers studied wanted to live in a small house. People want privacy and exclusion of neighbours' noise. But in Kensal House where Miss Denby has taken such considerations into account we found that flats can afford a very high rate of satisfaction." To which the Flatters reply, in so many words: "Exactly! In nine out of ten cases objectors to flats are simply unaware of what properly built and planned working-class flats, such as we want to build, are like." Miss Denby is to contribute the next article to our series *Green and Pleasant Land* next week, when the discussion will doubtless be carried a stage further.

SPARE THE HEN PHEASANTS

WHILE it is difficult in these days to obtain detailed reports from all parts of the country, it does appear that in many areas pheasants are scarcer than partridges this year. Where birds were reared abundantly just before the war, breeding stocks are still quite adequate to war-time shooting. But on small shoots, as well as those of medium size, now partially or wholly without benefit of keepers, it is otherwise. Increases in vermin aggravate the normal wastage, and the restrictions on adventitious aids to supplement existing stock do not ease conditions difficult enough already. Many years ago a facetious correspondent wrote to COUNTRY LIFE suggesting that a hare should be presented to the Bristol Museum as a sample of a species "once flourishing but now extinct." The jest may well prove truer than we now anticipate where pheasants are concerned, unless we shoot with one eye on the future. For no man can tell how long the war will last, nor is it wise to indulge in day-dreams that, even should peace come sooner than any of us think, we shall at once revert to pre-war plenty. In any case, as anyone who has ever tried it knows, to build up stocks of game from scratch is an abominably expensive business. So it may be suggested that most of us will do well to reverse the normal process and kill "cocks only" at the first instead of at the final covert shoots. We do not suggest that hens should be inviolate, but as, for breeding purposes, the ideal proportion of the sexes is 10 cocks to every 50 hens, the more of the older and less virile males that are wiped out the better. And the sooner this is done the easier it will be to judge of the number of hens which can be safely shot without endangering the prospects of a future generation.

SOLDIERS AND THE UNIVERSITIES

MAJOR-GENERAL R. J. COLLINS, whose admirable war commentaries have made him familiar in imagination to thousands of listeners, has just paid the universities a compliment. Addressing the officers and cadets of the Senior Training Corps at Oxford he laid stress on the value to a soldier of "University education," adding that during his own career he had always felt a little jealous of those who had enjoyed it. He said that at the Staff College he had been impressed by "the way in which University graduates seemed often to have a broader basis for their work." This testimony from a distinguished soldier is particularly welcome to-day when the undergraduate has not become, as he did in the last war, an almost extinct animal. Those who were temporary officers in the last war, while both admiring and liking their Regular comrades, had yet now and again the feeling that some of them were in their outlook too like grown-up public-school boys; in other words, that they lacked what General Collins calls a broader basis. Those vital two years must do much to remedy that frame of mind.

HOME GUARD SHOOTING

THE landscape targets of the final round in the COUNTRY LIFE Home Guard Shooting Competition have come in well and are being adjudicated, a process which will occupy some weeks. Several have been sent in without name, address, or any mark of identification. If this Note catches the eye of any commander conscious of having possibly omitted these material aids to success in the competition, we shall be glad if he will notify us.



ON THE TEES AT NEWBIGGIN, COUNTY DURHAM

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

WHEN Roy Beddington's *Fisherman's Curse* article appeared in COUNTRY LIFE some time ago I read it through most carefully to see if he had overlooked any of the hundred and one curses that afflict the angler. It was, however, a most thorough piece of work—the result of years of painful episodes—and he had enumerated apparently everything that could possibly occur to hamper the fisherman and cause him exasperation.

I was particularly interested in the bull because I have had, I think, more than my fair share of these animals and, I should imagine, am almost in the *banderillero* class and fit to appear in a Madrid bull-ring. This is because the farmer who owns the water-meadow that runs along my favourite stretch of the river insists on keeping his bull there. The trouble is, he never seems to be satisfied with his bulls, and no sooner have I made the acquaintance of one, studying its special technique and peculiarities of temperament, than the farmer loses all interest in the animal, sends it off to the butcher, and buys a new one.

In the early part of this season he possessed an old red Shorthorn, who was far too lazy to get up and chase fishermen, and though I will not say we got on intimate terms we arrived at a sort of watchful neutrality by which, if I did not disturb his cows, he was quite content to let me do what I liked with the trout. Then without the slightest warning the old bull disappeared and was replaced by a much younger and more active one, but unfortunately of the same colour. The result was that I had to retreat from the river so hurriedly that I left behind a whole cast attached to a trout, and also my landing net, lunch and bottle of beer.

THERE was just one little thing Mr. Beddington's encyclopaedic article overlooked, and as it is a mishap that should not occur it may never have happened to him. This is an eyed fly with the eye blocked with a film of varnish, and if one makes the discovery of this lapse on the tackle-maker's part in broad daylight and has a convenient pin in the lapel

of one's coat, it is not a matter of great moment. It happened to me the other evening when a really business-like rise of trout started at dusk, and it was the sort of rise one knew instinctively would not last more than 15 to 20 minutes. The fish were taking the black gnat and nothing else, and when in the half-light I tried to put one on I failed again and again to get the gut through the eye. When I discovered that this was not due to astigmatism, but to a film of varnish, I discovered also that I had lost my pin. The next discovery I made by the lengthy process of trial and error was that all my recently purchased black gnats suffered from the same disability and had varnish-filled eyes. Then, having with some difficulty cleaned out the eye of one with a bramble thorn, I made the final discovery of the evening, which was that the trout had stopped rising and had gone to bed.

* * *

THE appeal, which was heard at Bourne mouth Quarter Sessions recently, has unfortunately done nothing to clarify the legal situation with regard to privately owned revolvers in the Home Guard. About the same time as the Lincolnshire firearm prosecutions occurred, on which I commented in these Notes, a Bournemouth Home Guardsman was defendant in a similar case and was fined £4 and costs. Last week his appeal against that conviction was heard at Bournemouth, and it transpired that the Home Guardsman had acted in conformity with the Army Council instructions regarding privately owned weapons. That is to say, on joining the Home Guard he had produced his revolver, for which in the past he had had no certificate, had handed it over to the officer commanding his unit, who, after making an official record of it, had returned it to the owner for use in the Force.

The Recorder found that the appeal failed as the defendant had pleaded guilty at the original hearing of the case, but he reduced the fine from £4 to £2, and in the appeal both parties had to bear their own costs as "the appellant was obviously respected by his officers in the Home Guard who knew him."

AFTER reading the result of this case many Home Guardsmen are not quite certain how they stand with regard to the revolvers issued to them through the good offices of the American Committee for the Defense of British Homes. Officially these weapons are privately owned and no certificates have been issued, though they are recorded at headquarters. However, there is the precedent that the fine for arming oneself against the invader is now only £2, and that one bears only one's own share of the costs while the police pay theirs, so most men have decided to risk it, as the revolvers are worth it.

* * *

IHAVE just been trying conclusions again with the sewin, or sea trout, of Wales, and, as usual, the fish have had the better of me. This has happened so often to me in the Principality that I am beginning to think the sewin of Wales are like the jam at the Mad Hatter's tea-party—sewin yesterday and sewin tomorrow, but never sewin to-day. Whenever I arrive to fish I am told as a matter of course that I should have been there a week earlier, when fishermen were hauling them out as fast as they could land them, and almost invariably when I have left I hear they are hauling them out again in the same fashion, but it never happens like this when I am there. Judging from the fact that when a stray angler does come in with a good sea trout every hotel and shop buzzes with excitement; the photographer rushes around with his reflex camera; the policeman dons his uniform and does an extra patrol; while the village band wonders whether it should turn out to play a triumphant march, I am becoming a trifle sceptical about these enormous bags of sewin that are such a common occurrence when I am absent.

* * *

WITH regard to sewin in Wales, the conclusion I have come to is that these sea-going fish are quite as shy, and acquire as much education during one short month in a river, as the chalk-stream trout obtain in their lifetime. My lack of success may have been due to the fact that I did not treat them with

the respect they deserved, and imagined that as they were newcomers to a river it was not necessary for the angler to observe very much caution against being seen.

During daylight I had marked down several good fish ranging from 3lb. to 7lb. in two likely and easily fished pools, and returning there with the first of the dark I found them all rising steadily. The fact that they appeared to be really taking flies, and not jumping irritably as they do sometimes during daylight to register their disapproval of their pool being constantly flogged, led me to think a dry fly offered the best prospects. A fish rose to my first cast, but came short—the angler's explanation of his failure to strike quickly enough—and after that there was an unbroken surface on the water and dead silence except for an owl hooting, and not a fish rose again.

The same thing happened on the second night, and then I was informed by the keeper that it was entirely my fault as I was smoking. The flare of the match had put them down for the night and nothing more would happen. He told me that a pool below a main road bridge used to be the best on the Conway until the district council put three electric lights on the bridge to help motorists, and after this the place was useless. Now that the lights have been extinguished for the duration the pool is

coming into its own again, and this is the first good thing I have heard of that one can attribute to the black-out.

TH E most popular story to-day is that concerning the eggs. Not the exiguous ration we are getting when we are lucky, but the odd millions—the number varying according to the scope and veracity of the *raconteur*—that, when the control of this commodity first started, waited too long in the "Outgoing" baskets, or wherever it is Government officials keep eggs. As everyone knows, the packing stations were so busy collecting and packing eggs that they quite overlooked the necessity for distributing them.

Unlike Kipling's perfect man in his poem *If*, an egg does get "tired by waiting," and a tired egg is such an emphatic business. Something that lives in the memory, on the principle of:

The fairest things have fleetest end:
Their scent survives their close,
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose.

TH E root of the trouble is that nobody told the headquarters of the Food Control that eggs will not keep indefinitely, and it has been my experience in life that Headquarters the world over, though erudite beyond belief

in some matters, are supremely ignorant of the rudimentary facts of life—the sort of thing one puts into the masterpiece of the obvious class. For instance, I have had to explain carefully to Headquarters such things as that water will not run up-hill and that nights are longer in winter than in summer, and they have accepted my statements with reservation and grave suspicion.

I HEAR a new story about unwanted eggs every day, and it looks as if they will make history like the mythical Russian army in England in the last war. One man, a keen salmon fisher, told me, without batting an eyelid, that the stretch of water he fished in Scotland was ruined this autumn as the packing stations had dumped all their bad eggs into the river and killed off the fish. Another story is that a convoy coming into Liverpool had to change course suddenly as they ran into a floating egg area, and the stench of those broken by the propellers was such that the crews were unfit to man the anti-aircraft and anti-U-boat guns. The latest is that a coal mine has had to close down as the local packing station threw their uneaten eggs down a disused shaft and caused a state of affairs that was infinitely worse than anything created by the dreaded "damp." Perhaps some COUNTRY LIFE readers can add to this interesting output of fiction.

THE LIVING HERITAGE OF FOUNTAINS ABBEY

By G. BERNARD WOOD

FOUR centuries have passed since the English monasteries were dissolved. Concerning most of the abbeys which survive, the ideals of the monastic brotherhoods have now to be deciphered from "bare ruined choirs," crumbling walls and columns and the literature that has grown out of them. But at Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire—that lovely edifice which has its roots in the "wilderness" to which thirteen dissatisfied monks of St. Mary's Abbey, York, fled in 1132—the Cistercian heritage of service is still alive.

The latest evidence of this is seen in the recent ploughing-out of the East Abbey green and the planting there of thousands of cabbages and potatoes as a contribution to the nation's agricultural campaign. The green has thus reverted to its old-time usage; it was the vegetable and herb garden of the monks. Covering an area of approximately three and a half acres, the plot extends from the Abbey infirmary to the site of the original boundary wall on the east and is bordered on one side by the crags which yielded most of the gritstone for the

building of the Abbey and on the other by that dainty little stream, the Skell, whose waters the monks utilised to good purpose.

The Cistercians, it will be remembered, were great husbandmen and farmers. A larger and more enduring token of their heritage at Fountains took shape in 1934, when Mr. Clare G. Vyner and Lady Doris Vyner—owners of the estate and self-acknowledged admirers of those white-robed monks who were "inspired by a true spirit of service for others"—launched the Fountains Abbey Settlers' Society.



THE RUINS OF FOUNTAINS ABBEY SEEN FROM THE WEST



MOORS ABOVE MALHAM, WHERE THE MONKS OF FOUNTAINS GRAZED THEIR SHEEP

This movement provided for the training of boys aged 14-16 in gardening, farming and forestry. Coming mostly from distressed areas, the boys lived in a specially prepared camp situated above the Abbey ruins, and more than 100 have since been found good employment in those occupations in different parts of the country.

Visitors to the Abbey were asked to subscribe to the funds of this Society, and in doing so they were actually helping to finance a branch of work to which the Cistercians pledged themselves so long ago, namely, the education of boys in specially provided schools. The name of the Society, too, was surely inspired, for the monks and lay brethren of old, on taking up residence in some new place, were generally referred to as "settlers."

The story of Fountains is full of such historic parallels. In every case the modern version is but the flowering of the seed sown by the old Cistercians, before greed and "worldliness" brought about their downfall.

We have seen how their educational ideals fructified, four centuries afterwards, in the Fountains Abbey Settlers' Society. Closely linked with this part of their work was the provision of dignified manual labour. This was entrusted to the lay brethren, or *conversi*, which meant that, at Fountains, scores of men were occupied in tilling the extensive farmlands, tending the flocks which pastured on Abbey lands as far afield as Pateley Bridge (Nidderdale) and Malham (Airedale), while others worked in the Abbey dairy, corn-mill, granary or in one of the many workshops. Incidentally, their quarters in the Abbey centred upon that remarkable building, the cellarium, where they dined, stored some of the produce and kept the implements of their various labours.

Much of this has its counterpart in another movement started by the Vyners in 1934. Deeply concerned by the plight of the Tyneside unemployed, they purchased the Swarland Hall estate, near Felton, Northumberland, and gradually transformed it into a community capable of supporting 50 families—representing about 300 persons—from Tyneside. Each family

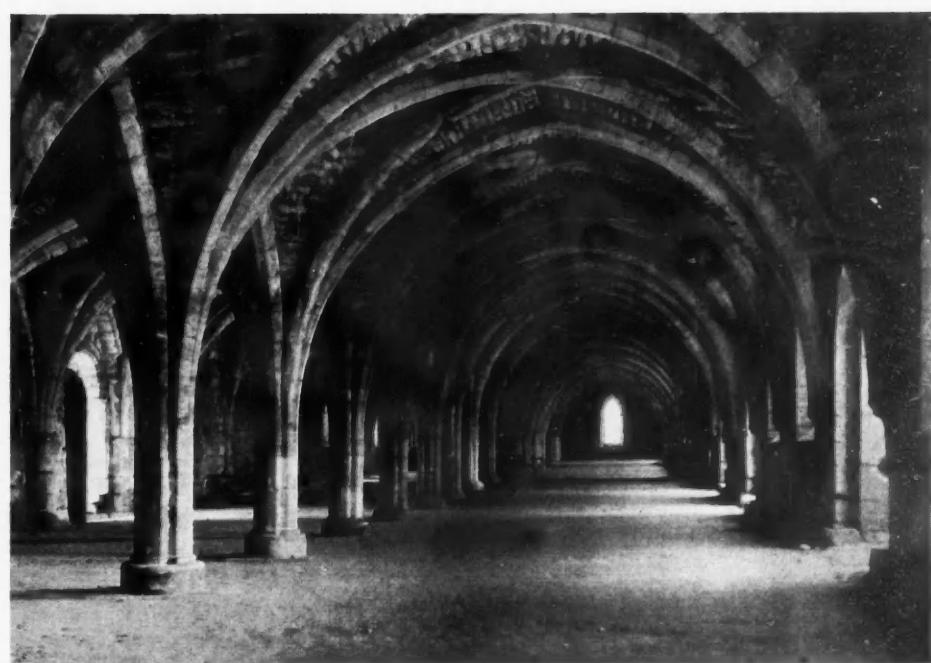
was provided with a dwelling—which the menfolk, like the *conversi* of old, in many instances, built for themselves—and an acre and a half of land for cultivation purposes.

The first industrial enterprise at Swarland was the weaving mill. Here the ex-unemployed were trained to operate hand-looms. Later, power looms were added. A variety of goods, tweeds predominating, is now produced at the mill, the wool being obtained as far as possible from Northumbrian sheep. Ever since its inception, the King and Queen have shown

keen interest in the Swarland experiment. As Duke and Duchess of York they visited Swarland in 1936, and the Queen purchased the first piece of cloth produced at the mill. Since then, Swarland tweeds have found customers all over the world.

This enterprise is, again, particularly appropriate considering its association with Fountains for—according to some authorities—it is to the Cistercians that we owe the beginnings of our woollen industry.

Swarland is now self-supporting, and the



THE CELLARIUM, IN WHICH THE CISTERCIANS DINED, STORED SOME OF THEIR PRODUCE AND KEPT THEIR IMPLEMENTS



WEST ARCHWAY OF FOUNTAINS ABBEY



RUINED CHAPEL OF THE NINE ALTARS

village which has grown up on the estate is a model of its kind. Other industries have been provided, including saw-milling and brickmaking. The ability of the original Fountains community to spread its influence by establishing daughter churches was first seen in 1138, when Newminster Abbey, near Morpeth, was founded. It was perhaps as much inspiration as good fortune that led to the establishment of Swarland as the first industrial "daughter" of Fountains, for it is situated within 10 miles of Newminster.

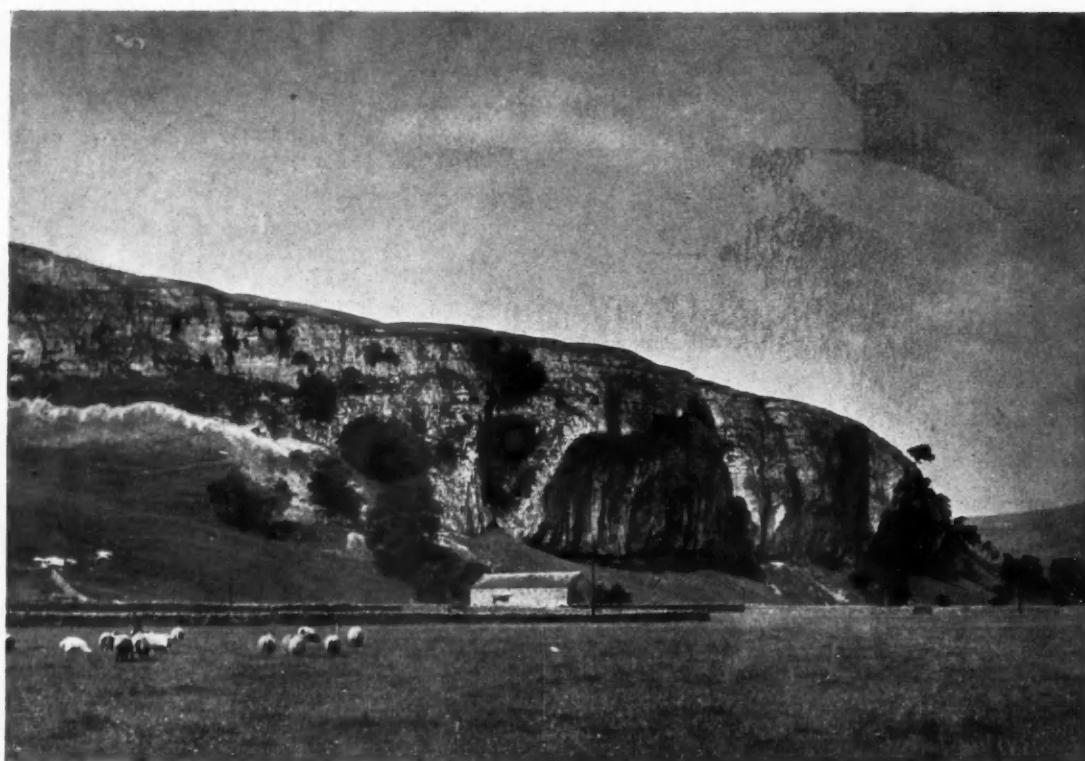
Just before the outbreak of war, a number of Austrian refugees were given accommodation in the boys' camp (which, having fulfilled its immediate purpose, had been left vacant for a few months) and in the Abbey mill. The gardener of Fountains Hall (seat of the Vyners) was appointed to instruct the men in the arts of husbandry, and since their departure several have obtained work as gardeners, farm-hands, and so on. During their term of occupancy, their domestic needs were supervised by members of the Society of Friends—a task that was

facilitated by the estate owners' generosity in converting the Abbey corn-mill into a guest-house. The reception of these unfortunate exiles recalls the monastic guest-houses, which were an integral part of the Cistercian movement. Fountains has the remains of two such guest-houses. On one other occasion, Fountains gave sanctuary to a company of refugees—the poor fleeing from the terror of the plague.

Though much reduced in size since the Dissolution, the Fountains estate is still rich farming country, and memorials of the old days

constantly recur. One man who rents land near Fountains Hall declares that his family has farmed the same land without a break for 300 years. Place-names, such as Priors Rake, Flock Rake, and Fountains Fell, in the Craven area—where the Abbey owned a single estate of 60,000 acres—give clues to the one-time extent of the Fountains domain. But something of the glory of those spacious days still persists at Kilnsey in Wharfedale, which is about 20 miles due west of Fountains. It used to be said that a man might walk 30 miles without once stepping off the Abbey property. The enormous herds of sheep which grazed in that wide domain were annually brought down to Kilnsey for washing and shearing. This performance was often supervised by the Fountains cellarier and attended by dalesmen from far and near. After the shearing, the wool was conveyed to the Abbey in ox-drawn wagons.

The Kilnsey Sheep Fair of to-day, held every September and noted throughout the dales, is really a survival of that stupendous sheep-shearing festival.



KILNSEY CRAG, WHARFEDALE, WHERE THE SEPTEMBER SHEEP FAIR IS HELD

SWING OF THE SEASONS

By NEGLEY FARSON

END of October—when the grey, rain-laden clouds draw across the sky and wind-blown crows cry over the brown ploughland; when the swallows have gone, the robin is a lonely bird, ducks and geese are coming down along the coast; and the owl hunts over damp and deserted fields at dusk. Below this cottage is a field of yellow mustard, lying like a lake in fields of green clover; and rimming these fields are clumps of bright blue flax, scarlet poppies and daisies.

This lane is cloaked with hedges of sloe, smoke-red spindleberry and blackberry thickets. Sitting on this hill in Berkshire, meditating upon the swing of the seasons, I hear two Spitfires from a training 'drome near by, fighting a sham battle above the rain clouds which threaten to settle on my head. And I remember the boast of Attila, original Hun: "Where I pass not one blade of grass shall remain!"

Well, let us hope that the present Huns will pass, soon—into limbo—and that once again we may take up the joy of life, tending our garden, in the swing of the seasons. Meanwhile we can live, in memory, in those rewards of travel which you cannot cash at any bank, which have no outward evidence of any gain.

"What have you brought back with you?" they ask. And you cannot, you dare not, you are often afraid to, tell them.

* * *

It is noon now, in England. By Meridian Time that makes it 7 a.m. on Currituck Sound down in North Carolina. Last night (in North Carolina) was one of those flaming sunsets when the whole bowl of heaven seemed blazing with flakes of fire. The "local" (he is half Cherokee Indian) says: "To-morrow'll be a purty day!"—which means that it is going to blow like the devil.

Going out to your duck-blind, you crouch down behind the cabin, because the wind is lashing the spray in your face as the launch plunges from wave into wave. You put out your canvas decoys (because you may not use live decoys in the States any more; nor may you shoot until an hour after sunrise, or after an hour before sunset); and there you crouch, knowing that your legal limit for the day is 10 duck and four geese. But you won't get them to-day. No; this wind is so fierce that only the pintail ducks come whistling down the Sound. You get a high one that spins in the air, it seems half a mile, before he crashes into the water to leeward. But your man can wade out; the Sound is so shallow.

Outside, against the bare, wind-swept barrier beach, you hear the thundering waves of the Atlantic. Long strings of the great V-necked Canada geese are high in the air, winging their way to Florida. "A-oook! A-oook! A-oook!" comes their cry. It is hard to get them to leave the long line of waves breaking below them on the coast. But one sees your decoys, breaks formation and heads towards you, dropping, dropping, dropping. "A-oook! A-oook! A-oook!" called the half-Cherokee, with his hand cupped to the side of his mouth.

"Stop!" you hiss: "he'll know it's not a goose!" But the bird comes on—70—60—50—30yds.! You rise from your blind and let him have it. He crashes like a heavy bomber—sometimes.

* * *

Once you've had that, nobody can take it away from you. England, in these October and November days, is so full of glories that you take them without questioning. At least, I did, as I sat on this hill, musing, in Berkshire. I dug up another October in my memory: shooting duck and geese in the Illinois River "bottoms," as the great autumn flight funnelled down from Canada, darkening the sky. I recalled a "pug-hole" in a marsh, really an open pool of water, with the ducks pitching in to live decoys in the sunset.

That morning I had been, half-enviously, half-angrily, watching a shocking performance—some city "sports"—with pump-guns—shooting Canada geese from maize-stalk blinds in an open field. Those were the days before automatics and pumps were prohibited in the States, and your limit was, I remember, 25 birds

per gun per day, which meant that you could also shoot your man's gun.

What the "sports" didn't know was that the "local" who was sent with them into every blind—the man who was really put there to stop them from shooting when the ducks or geese were still 100yds. off—also had a little pocket mirror concealed in his hand. And when a particularly heavy flight of birds came in he just glistened this glass so that it caught the sun. A thunder of wings followed as the ducks and geese almost fell over backwards to climb into the safe sky again.

But around this pug-hole, with our live decoys in the seductive plaque of open water, we were too thrilled to shoot for mere numbers, as we experienced the feel of the lonely buff marsh, the sight of ducks coming in, their wings cocked, against the black and gold bars of sunset. Later—when they were just black silhouettes—came the long trudge back to the farmhouse and the long, lazy dinner, with much good talk. But then, of course, there was the paying for it. On the trip I am thinking about

their shadows rose, gentian, dark violet in the sunset. Their colours were silently changing. But they struck like thunder against my eyes. And sitting there on my horse, in that deep spell, I heard a cuckoo call in the forest below.

During spring on the Volga, when the great s.s. *Turgenev* began her 1,200-mile journey to the Caspian, when the river was in flood, 10 miles wide off Nijni Novgorod, I heard the music of the Russian spaces. Then your imagination breaks its bonds of the locked winter, and your thoughts flow on, and on, and on. I had just come down the Oka, gliding past the long line of the ancient Tartar towers. One night I had decided that I would not sleep; I would watch the dawn over the Russian steppe.

When the sun rose the steppe leapt to life; larks sprang into the air, swallows sped from their holes in the sandy river banks and darted like playful fish before the steamer's bows. And down there, with her head cupped in her hands, sat a girl from White Russia.

Just she, I and the man at the wheel. I went down to her. She was travelling third



OCTOBER SUNSET

three of us shot for three days; we got plenty of ducks; but when it came to settling with our farmer-host, it seemed to work out at about £1 a duck.

"Tell me," I said patiently to the little degenerate who was making a fortune out of this otherwise worthless patch of marsh, "just how many men are there between us and each duck?"

He took it solemnly. "Wall—I tell 'e," he replied, scratching his chicken neck, "duck shootin's a luxor!"

Duck shooting was a luxury. Well, he was right.

* * *

Enough of autumns. In the high Caucasus I had an experience one spring that I never dared write—it was too delicate—until, years later, I wrote the only poem that I have ever written, or shall write. I had been riding horseback for about a week with a tribe of Turco-Tartars, who were taking their cattle over the ranges in search of grass. The old men and the old women of the tribe were tied to their saddles, as were all the babies. The others walked.

We went through those great, silent forests, carpeted with azaleas, and forded streams where the water made waves against my horse's flanks. And one late afternoon, climbing to 8,000ft., we went up an old trail, used for such years or hundreds of years so that the roots of the pine trees were rubbed bare by the hoofs of countless herds and in the darkness of the forest they lay like bare bones. I rode far ahead. Then I came out on a lip of the Caucasus, and there lay 50 miles of snows;

class, she told me, so that she might get as far across Russia as she could before her money gave out.

"Why?" I asked, foolishly.

She stared at me in amazement. "For Russia!" she gasped. "Our Russia; I love it!"

She had won a prize, she told me, for her good work in a Moscow textile mill. Now she would invest the prize. She would see all of Russia that that money would take her to.

"Preyamma!" she cried—straight ahead!

And she made a gesture with her hand, to show me that she was heading for the Urals. "I have all summer!" she told me triumphantly.

"But summer," I said sadly, "does not last for ever."

No, she admitted, that was right. Where winter found her, or where her money was exhausted, she would stop. She would get a job; she did not care what it was. Then she would save money again. And then—she laughed, and again made that gesture with her hand: "Straight ahead!"

Then she said the words which prompted me to write this article. "Under the sun . . ."

That was her life; the joy that just living brought to her when the sun was on her head. She would, one day, go back to her village, she told me, as we sprawled on one of those ancient Tartar towers, watching the Oka flow away from us across the flat skyline of Russia—because you *felt* things in the village. Spring—summer—winter: she did not mention autumn. When I pointed this out, and smiled, she made a grimace: "Rain—mud—rain—ugh!"

This autumn—where is she?

BUTTERFLY AND MOTH FREAKS

By L. HUGH NEWMAN

LONDON has this week been the scene of a remarkable auction of British lepidoptera. Apart from the curious fact that there should be a market for such fragile things as butterflies, with the country at war, this sale stood out above all those held before the war.

It was the dispersal of the first part of the famous butterfly collection formed during the last 40 years by the late Mr. P. M. Bright. His object from the earliest days was to possess the rarest butterflies caught or bred each summer by amateurs as well as professionals. During almost half a century the Bright collection was a by-word among entomologists, and, if anyone wished to identify a variety or aberration of a butterfly he thought was new to science, he would first go to Bournemouth to see whether it was already represented in this vast collection of lepidoptera.

Many naturalists will find it difficult to comprehend the mentality of a man whose hobby it was to buy thousands of butterflies, many of which varied in so slight a degree that it would be difficult for anyone but an expert to tell them apart. But there is, none the less, a definite scientific interest in the study of the strange freaks of Nature that turn up in the field, and some of them are extremely striking, as the photographs depicting typical specimens and the named varieties show.

One of the most interesting natural aberrations is the melanic form of insect, which occurs in both butterflies and moths. Melanism is an abnormal development of dark pigment in the skin, hair, feathers, and so on, of animals and insects. The first moth ever found showing true melanism was the common Peppered moth, *A. betularia*. This was caught in an industrial Midlands district, and it was therefore inferred that melanism was the direct result of natural selection aiming at the production of dark forms that would be naturally camouflaged when resting by day on sooty fences and walls. But as more melanic forms were discovered, many of them in remote country districts far from industrial centres, this theory had to be abandoned, and no satisfactory explanation has yet been found. Dark forms are becoming more common every year, and in the Shetland Isles even the Ghost Swift is melanic—in other words a black ghost!

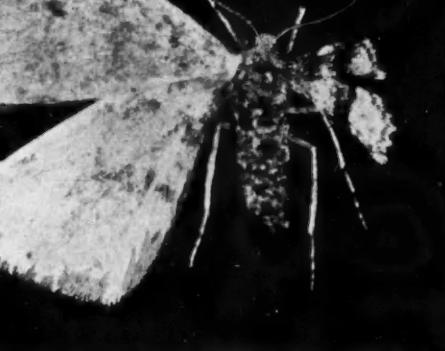
Although collecting since the war has been on a much smaller scale than in peace-time, the older collectors report that the New Forest, that Mecca of the entomologists, has this summer yielded the greatest number of melanic fritillaries ever recorded. Photographs of the Pearl Bordered fritillary and melanic varieties caught some years ago in Tubney Woods, near Oxford, compared to Peppered moths (typical and melanic), show that the difference is equally striking in butterflies and moths.

Occasionally insects are found which are half male and half female. The Dotted Border moth I illustrate is probably unique. It is one of a small family in which the females have only rudimentary wings while the males are normal. It has the fully developed wings and typical feathered antenna of the male on the left and the rudimentary wings and thread-like antenna of the female on the right.

The best-known example of this form of insect is that orchard pest, the Common Winter moth, whose wingless females, looking very much like small spiders, get caught in thousands on grease-banded fruit trees.

But it is when we come to the family of Blue butterflies that we see how Nature can run riot with her freaks. In most cases the females are dingy brown, and only the males are shaded in tints of iridescent blue, but occasionally striking gynandrous types are found with vivid streaks of male blue colouring splashed across the brown wings of a female, like lightning in a thundery sky.

It is in these tiny Blue butterflies that we also find another range of varieties, this time in the markings on the undersides of their wings. Normally they are covered with dozens of tiny dots, as if pepper had been sprinkled all over them, but sometimes forms occur that are pure



LEFT SIDE MALE; RIGHT SIDE WINGLESS FEMALE

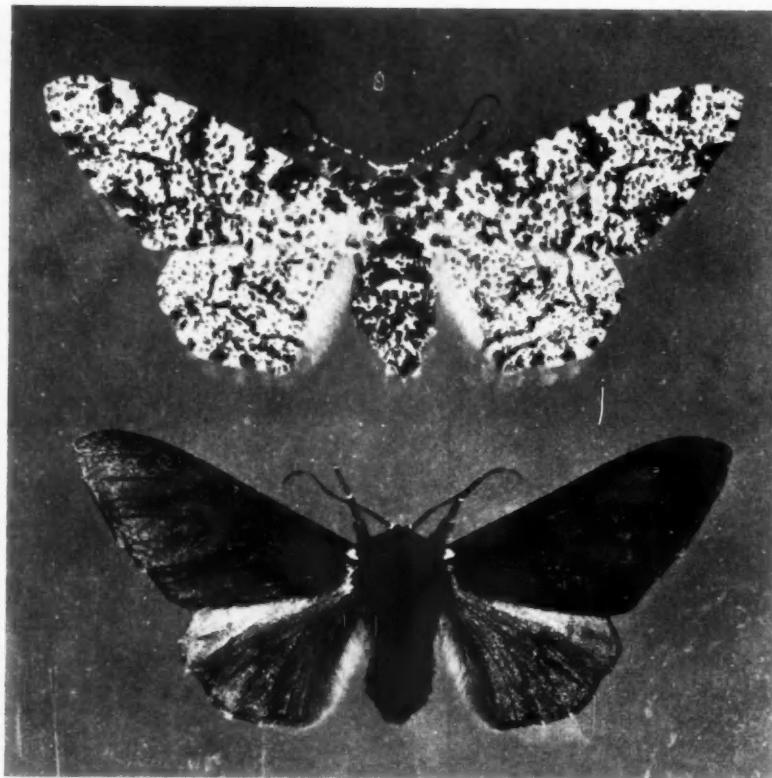
This hermaphroditic Dotted Border moth is probably unique

white. This type is known as *obsoleta*, whereas the opposite extreme, in which the spots are elongated into streaks, is called *striata*.

The same class of variety occurs in the family of Brown butterflies where the eyespots on the wings play a distinctive part in the markings. The normal specimen of the Ringlet has only insignificant dark spots on its wings, whereas the other variety illustrated shows a startling border of large ringed eyespots. Incidentally this specimen fetched over £25 at auction a few years before the war.

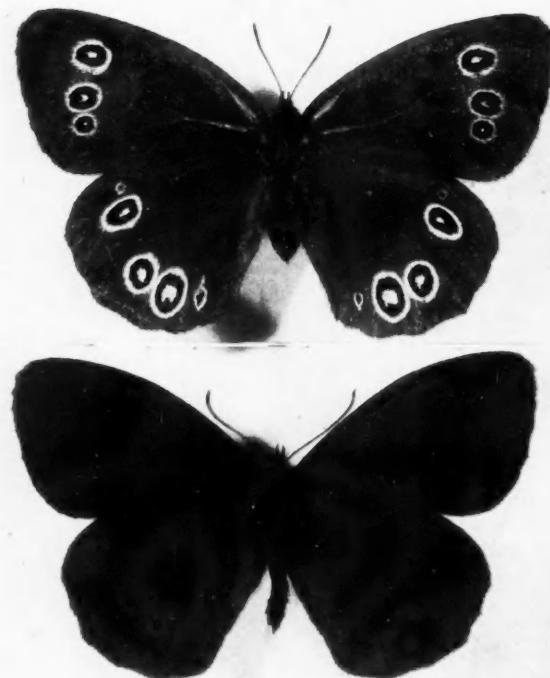
But even more interesting perhaps than these natural aberrations are the results that can be obtained by breeding certain species of butterflies or moths in captivity over a period of years. In this case one can watch the results of "controlled" breeding as opposed to natural selection, and there are some classic examples that are old history among entomologists, but remain untold to a wider public.

Undoubtedly the story of the greatest perseverance where breeding experiments are concerned should be called *Mr. Pickett and his Prunaria*. As a young working man Mr. Pickett spent his evenings tending a few "stick" caterpillars in a cage; they were the larvæ of the common Orange moth (*A. prunaria*). As these



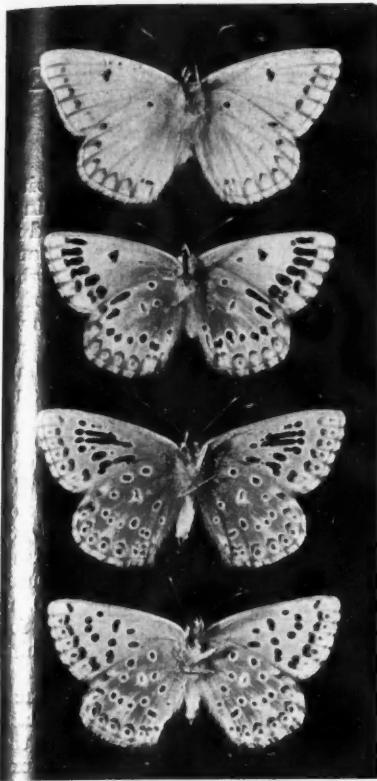
TYPICAL PEPPERED MOTH (ABOVE) AND THE MELANIC FORM, VAR. DOUBLEDAYARIA

Dark forms become more common every year



RINGLET BUTTERFLY WITH EYESPOTS ON ALL WINGS AND A NORMAL SPECIMEN

This spotted variety fetched £25 a few years ago



CHALK HILL BLUE BUTTERFLIES

(Top to bottom) pure white; streaks instead of spots; "dribbled" spots on upper wings; a typical specimen

caterpillars hibernate during the winter, Mr. Pickett used to put them in a muslin bag covering a small bush, and here they remained until the spring at the bottom of his suburban garden. For 17 years he hibernated his successive generations of *prunaria* on that bush, and from the typical moth, which is orange-coloured in the male and pale ochreous in the female, he evolved many unique forms. The most striking, a beautifully banded form, was

STRIKING RESULTS OF SELECTIVE BREEDING

These Common Green-veined White butterflies were bred by Mr. L. Hugh Newman at Bexley, Kent. The first parents are the two on the top left

named after him *A. prunaria ab. Pickettaria*. Other forms, established through most careful selection of the parents each generation, include a speckled type.

Unfortunately, one night during the last war a Zeppelin flying over Essex dropped a bomb in Mr. Pickett's garden, and blew the bush and all the caterpillars to smithereens. This was naturally a keen disappointment, but he still had his collection, with a great many

TINS - - By STEPHEN GWYNN

ENGLAND—or for that matter Great Britain—must be full of self-applauding persons who endeavour to adapt waste ground to purposes of food production. These ladies and gentlemen (the self-applauding virtues are found specially among the *bourgeoisie*) deal as a rule with very small parcels of the earth's surface which lie convenient to their habitation—whether temporary or permanent. Judging by my own experience as one of these gentry, they will have been surprised to discover how large a portion of this island will interest archaeologists as what they call a kitchen midden.

Dig where you will near any habitation—and in the last three years I have dug over three distinct and separate patches—you come upon humanity's more or less indestructible discards. Earlier ages, those who had little to throw away but bones and oyster-shells, with now and then a flint tool defaced at the edges, were not ashamed of their midden and piled it in full view; but the moderns are more pernickety and tend to bury their wastage, of metal, glass or crockery. Where my potatoes are growing now (nicely, thank you) there were bedsteads, there were bicycles, reduced to their component parts; in two cases, an object which perplexingly interfered with my digging proved to be the blade of a cross-cut saw.

The English are not a hoarding people; I disinterred and still use a heavy file which had simply lost its handle. Frequent spoons and forks, no doubt unintentional throw-outs, prove that English housewives are no less slapdash than English housemaids.

Crockery of course was plentiful in small pieces but bottles few or none. Bottles can in general way be disposed of as empties; but I

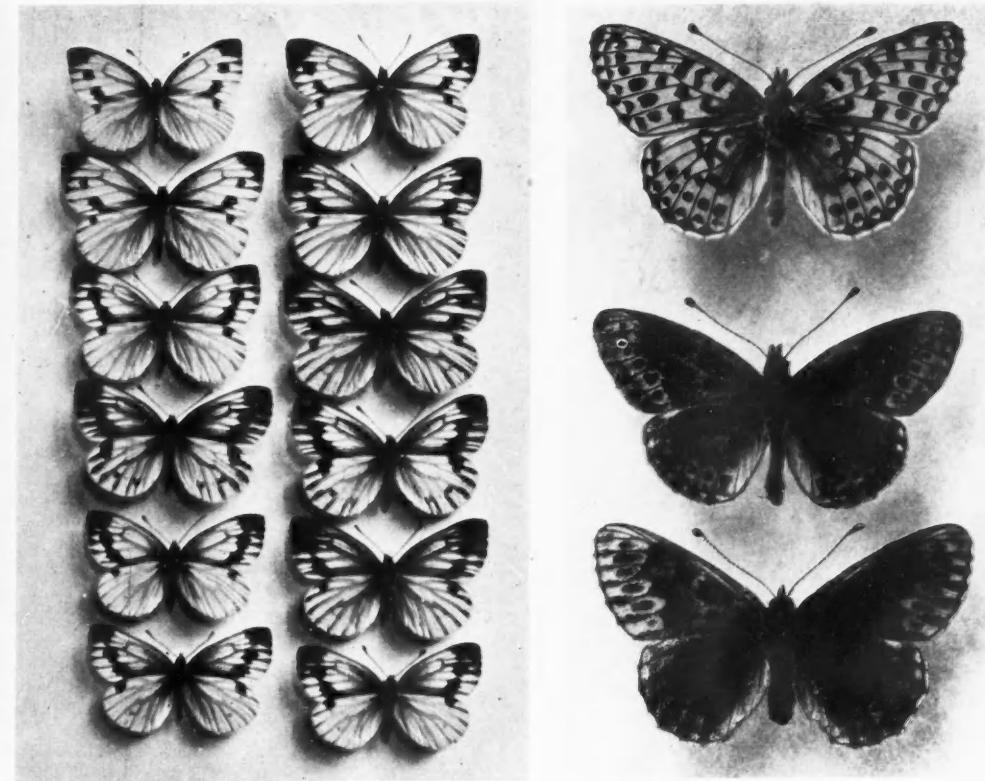
doubt whether bottles figure much in the household of an English cottage. This very old farmhouse had been for long partitioned between three labouring families, and it was on their cast-offs that I came—generally a few inches under what often looked to be undisturbed ground. On the whole they had buried sedulously, and Nature covered up the mess with one thing or another—too often with nettles. But not even Nature's efforts could hide all the tins.

In and among the bedsteads and the bicycles, filling up the interstices, there were tins; even beyond where burying had decently concealed the refuse and Nature had thrown a veil of run-the-hedge, or bindweed, a spreading eruption of rusty tins destroyed the illusion of rusticity which man and Nature conspired to create. When one dug, time and again, the digging fork would come up with one of those disgustingnesses impaled upon it, and needing to be scraped off; after a decent patch of tillage had been produced, some shift of grass or withered leaves would disclose along the edges of it yet others to be gathered and wheeled away. Seven or eight barrow-loads of reclaimed metal I have wheeled to a dump half a mile off, approached by an undesirably steep lane; the weight of solid stuff meant hard work, but far worse was the jangle of tins piled about them. Tins new as well as old, for we also were



contributing; and I laid down austere rules against the inclusion of any metal in that trench where we bury refuse that the earth can transform. Then I went away for a month, and on coming back was informed that authorities in charge of the dump now rejected and repudiated tins, big or little. They have no doubt been provided by the *Luftwaffe's* operations with too much soldier scrap metal.

And so there I am, there are we all, faced with this problem of disposal which the war seemed to have settled. I have indeed known one man who, utilising his experiences of the last war, installed an incinerator in what could have been an excellent garden. His example did not commend itself to me; still, as the war goes on, more and more stuff seems to come in tins—or else in glass jars, which there is little hope of applying to the happy uses of jam-making. We must only, I suppose, create new burying grounds, for some other spade to reopen, when we ourselves have been hidden away—like the tins.



EXAMPLE OF MELANIC FRITILLARIES

(Above) normal Pearl Bordered fritillary: (centre) male and (bottom) female melanic varieties captured in Tubney Woods

HISTORIC ENGLISH TOWNS

STAMFORD

THE placid current of life in Georgian Stamford was rudely interrupted in 1745 by the "Scottish Rebellion." Looking back on those agitating months, which spelt real menace for this community on the Great North Road, with refugees from the north jostling in its gates with the northward progress of the Duke of Cumberland's army, the Rector of All Saints paid tribute to the Home Guard of those days:

It appears to me very evident that it was the vast diligence of the nobility, clergy, and gentry in raising troops that saved us from the effects of the rebellion. That quite discouraged the French from pushing a formidable invasion, and discouraged the rebels too, and made 'em fly precipitately from Derby. The King could not possibly have raised troops on a sudden, but the nobility raised 'em in a week's time.

The feudal substratum of English country life came to the nation's aid in a crisis, as it was to again in 1800 and 1940. In Stamford the Duke of Ancaster reviewed the volunteers; Swiss, Dutch and British troops were

passing through daily. Fugitives reported that the rebels were approaching Newark, Spalding, Wisbech, Peterborough, Oundle—rumour discovered them everywhere—and all the country round in the utmost fright, hiding and carrying off their goods towards the Fen country. Sunday, December 18, 1745, was a day of public fast and humiliation. The Rector preached a homily against rebellion; the Duke of Cumberland's hussars were billeted for a night in the town—big fellows in Hungarian uniform, "high fur caps broad and round at the top, a huge long scimitar trailing on the ground, boots on—they cannot walk, but riding they are exceedingly expert in; they came to my Church in the afternoon." Soon tension began to relax. Rebel prisoners were passing south, mingled with the remnants of Johnny Cope's beaten English from Prestonpans, and among them "I saw the celebrated Jenny Cameron, the Pretender's mistress, pass my door in an open chaise. Mrs. Lockhart of Carnwath was with her and a lusty highlander of Lord Loudon's

II—SOME STREETS AND HOUSES IN A GEORGIAN TOWN

regiment rode on horseback in his habit." Lord Bury, posting south, brought tidings of a complete victory near Inverness, and in the following July the Duke of Cumberland himself arrived in the middle of the night, "truly triumphant. We heard nothing of it till he was near the town. The whole town was illuminated, the bells rung, and an immense mob." The victor stayed but half an hour, changing horses at the George, and Stamford resumed its normal life.

But in the middle of all the turmoil, which the Rector could not ignore, since much of the traffic passed through the old postern gate in the town wall at the back of his garden, he remembered, on May 3, 1745, "this day, one hundred years ago, King Charles lay at Mr. Alderman Wolph's house, now mine, all the day obscure. At 10 night he set out through my gateway for Southwell to the Scots," who betrayed him to the Parliament forces and his death.

That gateway still stands at the back of Barn Hill House (Fig. 7), the handsome late Georgian mansion that replaces the mediæval hall of the old Stamford family of Wolph, descended by repute from a son of King Harold. It had "an open hall with many Scripture sentences around it; a stone staircase to a bedchamber that was hung with tapestry, ceiling wainscotted with oak." But all of Stamford's other gates have disappeared. Cumberland's army, crossing the Town Bridge, had had to thread through a gate spanning the bottom of St. Mary's Hill (Fig. 1) which carried the Town Hall above it. An engraving, showing it to be a picturesque Jacobean building, is to be found in the curious history of mediæval Stamford by another Georgian antiquary, Dr. Peck's *Academia Tertia Anglicana*. The present handsome Town Hall, at the corner of St. Mary's Square, was not built till 1777.

It is a pity that the Rector, who was none other than the Rev. Dr. William Stukeley, one of the founders of the Society of Antiquaries and author of some of the earliest (and most fanciful) archaeological studies of Stonehenge, the Druids, and mediæval antiquities, has not left a fuller record of Stamford as it was in his time. He tirelessly explored the Roman and Saxon remains in the neighbourhood, identified the surviving fragments of the mediæval colleges in Stamford—more numerous then than now—and did his best to preserve the stained glass then being ruthlessly torn out of the town's fine Perpendicular churches. He observed his fellow-citizens gloomily: "these incurious and thoughtless people demolish these most admirable ornaments. . . . Sometimes I heard of it before execution done and purchased the pieces; sometimes a large light for the worth of the broken glass, and put up great quantities at my house on Barnhill." Again: "at Stamford there was not one person, clergy or lay, that had any taste or love of learning and ingenuity, so that I was as much dead as if in a coffin."

Nevertheless there were Dr. Peck, Tycho Wing the astronomer, Dr. Gandy a fellow-antiquarian near by, Mr. Howgrave, who collected old paintings and had a mug of Queen Elizabeth's, and sufficient *litterati* to form membership for his literary, scientific



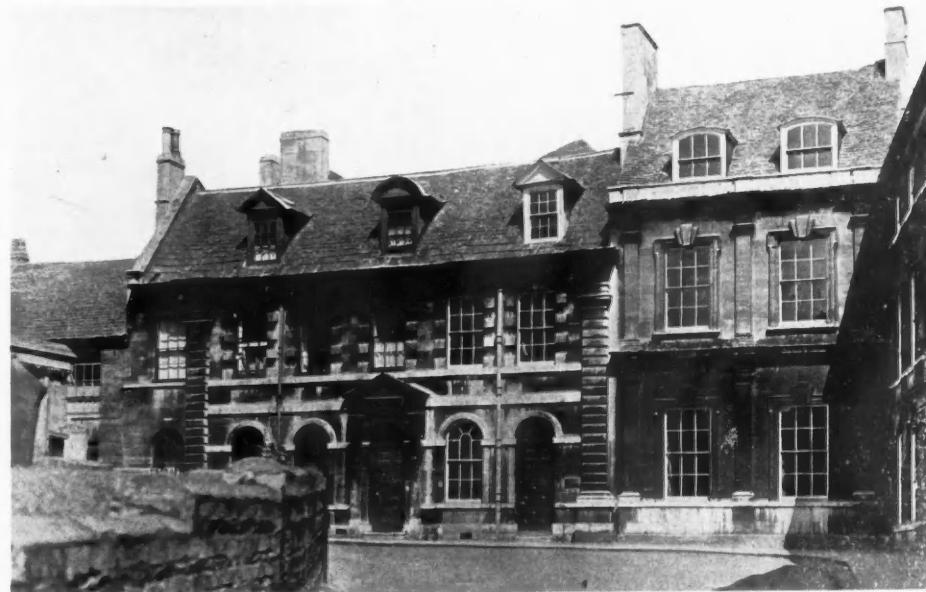
1.—LOOKING DOWN ST. MARY'S HILL OVER THE BRIDGE TO ST. MARTIN'S

and antiquarian Brazen Nose Society. As one of its members said, it provided an alternative to the races and the bull-running which were Stamford's chief social attractions. But during his residence, 1729-47, Stukely tells us nothing of the admirable construction accompanying the destruction that he deplored.

In the Middle Ages the famous Barnack quarries, just south of the town, had nurtured a great school of skilful masons who built Peterborough and Ely Cathedrals besides the earliest Stamford churches. When they were worked out, the still productive quarries with the famous names of Weldon, Clipsham, and Ketton along the Welland Valley, yielded a scarcely inferior material, with Colleyweston producing the local counterpart to Stonesfield slates. The neighbourhood exhibits a continuous tradition of noble building by masons from these quarries, often under the leading architects of the time: John Thorpe at Burghley and Kirby, the latter added to by Inigo Jones; Webb at Thorpe Hall near Peterborough; Wren at Belton; Vanbrugh at Grimsthorpe and (perhaps) at near by Tixencote. A search of the Stamford Church registers would probably reveal the names of some of these masons, but it would still not be possible to associate an individual, any more than an architect, with one of the stately little houses lining Stamford's streets and squares. Yet, examining their façades with this background in mind, we can sometimes make a shrewd guess at where the builder got his ideas and very possibly had previously worked.

The favourite residential areas of Georgian Stamford were the squares, smaller and more informal than those of London, Bath and Dublin, overlooking the churchyards of the town: St. Mary's, at the back of the Town Hall (Fig. 2); St. George's, in the east of the town, with the late Georgian Theatre and Assembly Rooms, and centred on the church whose incumbent was one of Stukely's *bêtes noires* in the matter of removing ancient glass; and All Saints Place (Fig. 11) at the foot of Barn Hill. The houses in the squares were all re-built in the late seventeenth or eighteenth century. One of the earliest and finest is No. 19, St. George's Square (Fig. 3). Its high hipped roof, with two tiers of dormers (very uncommon in England) and elaborated chimney stacks almost identical with Thorney Abbey House, suggest that its builder had worked under Webb at Thorpe in the 1650's, but, to judge from the ground-floor windows, enclosed by vertical props, was more familiar with timber building than stone. The scrolled pediment of the front door and the Jacobean carving on the keystones of the windows (originally, no doubt, with transoms) are characteristic of the earliest Charles II houses.

A house in St. Martin's (Fig. 4), is as early, with its rusticated chimneys recalling Inigo Jones's at Castle Ashby, its gable parapets, and simple, deeply overhanging cornice. The designer, however, knew something of the classical orders, introducing Ionic, supporting Tuscan, pilasters as he had seen on the gate-tower at Burghley; moreover, he devised a method for linking the façade to its original neighbour on the left, evidently a lower building than the elegant little house now standing there, by means of a rusticated pier finishing in a kind of voluted scroll; a feature balanced by the normal coigns at the other end. A narrow façade in the corner of St. Mary's Square (Fig. 2) shows a firmer grasp of Palladian principles in the superimposing of its two Doric orders, the upper carrying sections of the correct frieze and also a rudimentary parapet at the base of the steep roof. The window-frames are correctly studied, with their broken shoulders and heavy keystones. The builder of No. 3, All Saints Place (Fig. 11),



2.—EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSES IN ST. MARY'S SQUARE



3.—AN IMPORTANT SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE IN ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE



4.—IN HIGH STREET, ST. MARTIN'S: A FINE CHARLES II HOUSE

in about 1700, raised his front on a blind basement, enabling steps to ascend to the imposing portal. Otherwise the façade shows some simplification, its decoration being restricted to plain moulded window-frames, a string-course at first-floor level, and simple cornice modillions—a design paying tribute to Sir Christopher Wren only on a smaller scale than does the great Lincolnshire house of Belton. The house in St. Mary's Square on the left of Fig. 2, on the other hand, might almost be called a miniature of Vanbrugh's great façade to Grimsthorpe, designed for the Duke of Ancaster in 1723. The round-headed ground-floor windows, with the pedimented front door, the strong rustication of the pilasters and of the upper windows, are unmistakable reminiscences of Vanbrugh, although the exigencies of the site imposed a traditional treatment for the roof. A similar handling of dormer windows, two with triangular pediments, one rounded, is seen on the right of Fig. 3, St. George's Square, on a house the builder of which was satisfied with a completely plain façade, characteristic of the refined tastes of the 1740's.

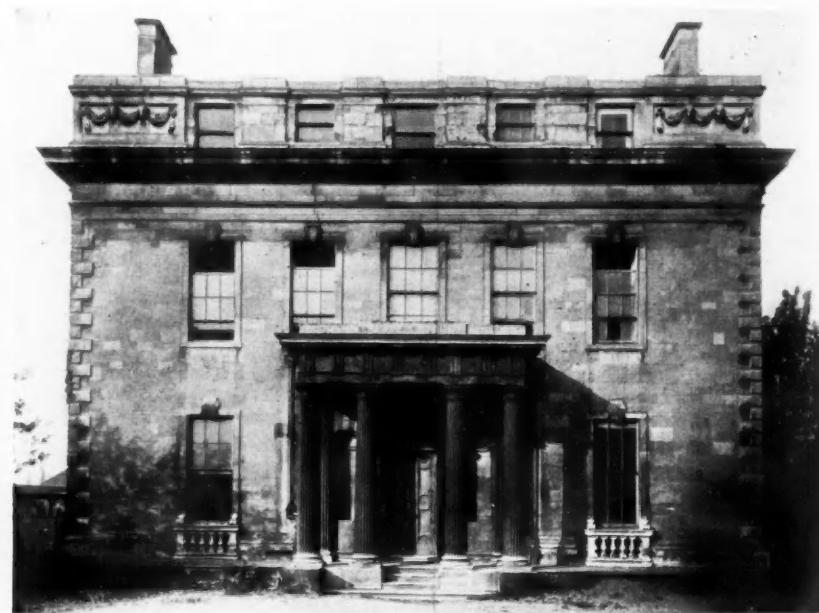
Throughout Stamford, links with the main trends of design represented by these five houses can be noticed in every street. The gentlemanly front of the famous coaching inn, the George in High Street, St. Martin's (Fig. 6), conforms to the taste of the first half of the century, though its rambling interior testifies to the



5.—ST. MARY'S STREET AND THE STAMFORD HOTEL (CIRCA 1820)



6.—THE MID-GEORGIAN FRONT OF THE GEORGE HOTEL IN HIGH STREET, ST. MARTIN'S



7.—BARN HILL HOUSE. Early nineteenth-century on the site of the antiquary Wm. Stukely's mediæval house



8.—THE FREE LIBRARY, HIGH STREET

great age of parts of the historic hostelry. There is a thirteenth-century undercroft dating from the time when a hospital of the Knights of St. John occupied part of the site. Much of Stamford's history is of those who have spent a night in one of its many inns on the Great North Road. The one best remembered, because he died at the Waggon and Horses (now itself no more) in 1809, is Daniel Lambert, the Fat Man. He weighed 52st., and had come to exhibit himself at the races. More decoratively historic is the Corporation Regalia enshrined in the Town Hall and comprising a Jacobean steeple cup and two magnificent silver maces. The Town Hall (Fig. 1), built in 1770 to replace the old hall above the Bridge Gate, is inferior architecturally to many private houses in the town, though the wrought-iron of its terrace overlooking St. Mary's Hill makes up for the feebleness of its façade. The Stamford Hotel (Fig. 5), would be a worthier seat of the Alderman. It was built for Sir Gerald Noel, a Parliamentary candidate, to ingratiate himself with his electors, from designs by J. L. Bond in about 1816. The huge figure of Justice surmounting the façade, is by the Regency sculptor Rossi. The view of St. Mary's Street (Fig. 5), in which the hotel stands, represents, in a delightful sequence, the complete evolution of Stamford's domestic architecture from overhanging timber framework, *via* Georgian civility, to the splendours of the Greek Revival. The latter phase is seen again in the lovely front of Barn Hill House (Fig. 7), *circa* 1820. Of this date is Stamford's solitary and charming example of terrace architecture



10.—GEORGIAN DEVELOPMENTS OF THE BOW WINDOW MOTIF
Respectively in St. Mary's Street and All Saints Place



11.—A QUEEN ANNE HOUSE IN ALL SAINTS PLACE

Rutland Terrace (Fig. 12), its plain engated façade enriched with fine cast-iron balconies, key-pattern pilasters, and piers capped with anthemion carving. In the distance in this view can be seen the remains of St. Peter's Gate and another of the town's mediaeval bede-houses. The Free Library in High Street is a late derivative of Inigo Jones's Covent Garden Church (Fig. 8).

Throughout the Georgian era the most persistent feature of Stamford architecture, however, was the bay window. Last week we saw how it originated in the overhanging orielis of the mediaeval timber houses and was developed into the projecting bays of the typical stone Jacobean houses. Figs. 9, 10, 13 and 14 illustrate how the Georgian builders adapted the feature, giving delight to inhabitants and felicitous variety to

façades, yet never overstepping the proprieties of street architecture. Ultimately it is this inherent feeling among the Georgian builders for "good manners," for subordinating

individuality to the interests of the street, that gives Stamford its greatest charm. What building laws did for London and the genius of controlling architects for Bath,

Cheltenham, Edinburgh, this quality did for the eighteenth-century Clipsham and Kettton masons, leaving them free to achieve a distinction and variety of design all the more effective for its self-imposed limitations, and the very opposite to the monotonous licence of commercial architecture in the average modern town. Yet this variety within a uniformity could not have been attained but for plentiful supplies of the finest stone and an instinct for right building inherited from generations of masonry. Stamford is an unique and precious heritage to learn from, to enjoy, and to preserve: but beyond the capacities of this age to reproduce.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



12.—RUTLAND TERRACE. EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY TERRACE ARCHITECTURE



13, 14.—LATE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BOW-WINDOWED FRONTS IN BROAD STREET

Photographs for this and the preceding article were specially taken for COUNTRY LIFE by G. M. Oates.

"O SWEET, O LOVELY WALL"

By BERNARD DARWIN

YEARS ago it fell to my lot to show a distinguished golf architect over a course for which I had a great affection. When he came to a certain blind hole over a sandhill, the members' pride, he maintained an eloquent silence till we reached the bank of the green. Then he remarked "Take away that thing" and passed grimly on. The thing in question was a low sloping grassy bank. It was hardly deserving of the abusive name of "back wall," but it was in the nature of one, and, despite my eminent friend, I am afraid it is still there.

I have just been reminded of it by reading some observations of Cotton's about a course he had been playing on, in which he professed himself an enemy of back walls. "So are we all, all honourable men," for there really is nothing to be said for them, and very little for their brothers, the side walls. They are generally ugly, they are apt to reduce good and bad approaches to an equality, then tend to outrageous flukes; they are, in short, thoroughly ungolfing things, and yet, having to some extent been brought up among them, I do feel now and then a tenderness for them, and wish I could think of something to be said "for encomium as a change."

Sentiment apart there is really only one thing I can think of, namely, that they repay the man who has the courage to be up with his approaches. It may be said that in such circumstances precious little courage is needed, yet even so we can be miserable cowards. The other day a friend and I were playing on a certain course, and, as we drew near to one hole, we saw a large cow sitting propped against the flag. We were carrying our own clubs, and were too lazy to go forward and drive away the cow, but decided to play firmly at the beast in the certain hope that we should thus both lay our approaches dead. And then what happened? Why, we were both miserably and contemptibly short; we never gave the cow a chance. I should like to think that this was because we were intuitively conscious that laying the ball dead off a cow is "not golf," but it was, in fact, partly because we were cowards, partly because we feared to make ourselves ridiculous. We thought what fools we should look if the ball bounded over the brute and disappeared into the distance; even as it sometimes did in old days at Prestwick, when a player tried to use the stone wall as the back of the green, and his ball took off at the wrong place.

The fact that there is always such a risk, though often a very small one, makes me believe that some day some great architect, scorning convention, will lay out a great hole having a back wall. It will have to be an exiguous one, only to be attained from exactly the right position, and the use of it must not only necessitate a most accurate shot, but must be attended with grave danger. One of the objections to the average back wall is that no skill is needed. As Locksley remarked, "A child of seven years old might hit yonder target with a headless shaft." But if all my conditions were fulfilled, I believe the shot might be a really good one, even though the ghost of Mr. George Glennie were still to call it "Just monkey's tricks." However, I have never seen those conditions fulfilled, and I do not expect to.

The walls among which I said I was to some extent brought up are those on the "gun-platform" greens often to be found on downland courses. On those long rolling slopes they are sometimes almost necessary, since without them the ball would roll for ever, but they are both hideous and odious. I am thinking a little of my old friend Royston, but more particularly of an even older friend, Eastbourne, where I used to play as a boy. I remember one hole there which came into being when the nine holes first became eighteen. It has long, I am sure, disappeared. It was a short hole, having on the left-hand side of the green a rectangular cliff of chalk. Not only did the cliff correct any moderate hook, but even the most outrageously hooked ball which pitched high on the grass above the cliff would come toppling down again "from Beachy Head," and end on the green at last. In fact, as long as one did not slice, the hole was more or less fool-proof.

There used to be one hole, having some of

these characteristics, on a course of great eminence. This was the old thirteenth, now superseded, at Muirfield. Whether it had the original right to the rather irreverent title of "The Postage Stamp," or whether this belongs to a short hole at Troon, I am not sure. At any rate, at this Muirfield hole it was possible to hit a considerably hooked tee shot, and yet, by a process of toppling and dribbling, to end on the green. It is fair to add that as a rule the ball stopped on the bank above, but I recall one important occasion when it did not.

This was in the Amateur Championship of 1926, when Mr. Andrew Jamieson leapt into fame by beating Mr. Bobby Jones. He already held a winning lead when he came to this thirteenth hole, and hooked his tee shot on to the bank above the green. The crowd stood spellbound watching the ball as it hung hesitating. Then, avoiding all impediments, urged on at its every hop by patriotic Scottish cheers, it sloped slowly on to the green, and the invading champion's last hope was gone.

The kindest of all back walls that I can recollect, though its kindness lasted only for a day, was at Porthcawl. This memory belongs to a Welsh Championship meeting there 41 years ago, so long ago that I have never satisfactorily identified the hole on subsequent visits. At

any rate the hole was so cut in some mysterious and magical manner that almost any ball that ran up the bank at the back of the green did not merely run back dead, it ran in. This is not nearly as big a lie as it sounds; I can assure the reader that numbers of people came into the club-house announcing in an excited manner that they had holed out in two. For a whole day nobody, when he got on or near the green, thought of playing at the hole, he simply played up to the bank behind it. Then on the following day came Nemesis in the shape of a shower of rain, or perhaps only a heavy dew. We all duly tried once more our trick shot off the back wall and we all, to our unspeakable indignation, saw the ball stop at the top and refuse to run back. No doubt it served us right.

In those more unsophisticated days we used to think such a shot rather good fun, and it is still, I think, undeniable that the sight of a ball gently running round a slope to end at the hole-side has in it something of prettiness. It is still good fun once in a while, but it is a cloying pleasure; we can easily have too much of it. Since there must still, owing to the nature of much golfing ground, be greens with walls to them, the modern architect has devised a means of reducing their helpfulness. It is that of making a shallow gutter at the foot of the wall. Then the ball, even if it is stopped in its too impetuous course, at least cannot complete the cycle of its nefarious acts by lying dead. That is perfectly just and right; I have not a word to say against it, but I do wish I had laid my ball dead off that cow.

A COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

By E. M. DELAFIELD

IT is a fact—although it sounds more like something out of somebody's *Puzzle Corner*—that nowadays, in order to get from Somerset to Leamington in Warwickshire, and reach one's destination in the morning, the simplest plan is to go to London overnight and from there travel down to Warwickshire next day. I did this quite recently, taking an evening train from Somerset, and completing my journey across London by tube.

Next morning, early, a taxi took me and my suitcase across the Park to Paddington. There was still that white haze of mist over everything that always recalls to my mind one of the most moving passages in all Dickens: that in which Pip of *Great Expectations* leaves the village early in the morning and sees the mist rolling slowly away from the old familiar landmarks.

The dahlias were a faint blur of mixed colour, waiting for the sun to bring their bold, vivid beauty to life, and I was, from years of associated thought, thinking of Pip and his great expectations, when a surprising thing happened.

A medium-sized hound emerged from the unlifted white mist, for all the world like a rather poor imitation of the Hound of the Baskervilles, and began baying fiercely at the taxi. In spite of some very definite words of discouragement shouted at him by the driver, he raced beside us to the very Park gates, all the time emitting that deep, dramatic bay—and then suddenly disappeared as mysteriously as he had come. I might really have thought that the whole thing was the product of a literary imagination but for the comment of which, as he hunted for change, the driver delivered himself at Paddington:

"That 'ound," he said disgustedly, "must have been making 30 miles a hour."

It was evident that the hound's performance was an improvement upon that of the taxi, and was resented accordingly.

AFTER the hound, it was a contrast to make acquaintance, as I did in Warwickshire, with a three-month-old Norwich terrier—an utterly enchanting little piece of quicksilver, literally dancing with *joie de vivre* and a sort of general, unfocused excitement that led her into the coal-box, under my feet, or into the nearest flower-bed with indiscriminate youthful rapture.

Pollie was not at all house-trained, and her owners seemed pessimistic about the chance of her ever becoming so, and asked me for advice that I was quite unable to give, never having trained a puppy.

Their present system, which may be described as a *pis aller*, is to perch Pollie, in her basket, on top of a high table in the middle of the room. It is a long way from the ground for such a tiny thing, but she peeps over the edge of Mont Blanc, as it were, and sometimes shows a disposition to attempt a wild leap. In order to calm her it is necessary to turn on the wireless, when she at once becomes motionless, fixes her bright eyes on the radio, and eventually drops off to sleep.

I only saw this happen to her under the influence of music, and do not know if a play, or a talk about the Kitchen Front, would have the same effect.

BUT Pollie, in that respect, reminded me of a fifteen-year-old black cat—a very tough and uncompromising personality and a great rabbit-catcher—who was discovered, years ago, to have a violent aversion from one particular gramophone record. (I forgot what it was now, but something quite popular and insignificant, with a wailing tendency.)

At the sound of this air, Fauntleroy always reacted in the same way, rearing himself up on his hind legs, clawing at the nearest human being, and pressing his head against him, like a small child overcome with shyness, and emitting the most fearful yowls. He quite evidently distinguished this tune from any other, for it always produced the same result and all other records on the same gramophone left him unmoved.

IHAVE heard and read similar stories about dogs but not, I think, about cats. However, Fauntleroy was a remarkable cat in many ways and it would have been like him to astonish his friends by an unsuspected ear for music.

I saw the best rat-hunt I have ever seen in my life, conducted by Fauntleroy, in a drawing-room. In the course of it both Fauntleroy and the rat were, in quick succession, on the mantelpiece, behind clocks and flower-bowls, across the window-seats and over and under bookshelves, all—though it sounds impossible—without displacing one single article in their meteoric career.

Finally the rat, gaining a fraction of a second's advantage, leapt on to the mantelpiece, and off again on to the cat's own back, from which it sprang convulsively behind a corner-cupboard.

I really felt that such audacity deserved something better than the broomstick which was eventually brought up as a reinforcement, and gave Fauntleroy—if indirectly—the final victory.

YOUNG FARMERS AT ALDENHAM SCHOOL

By H. C. LONG



HALMING A 6-ACRE PLAYING FIELD PLOUGHED BY THE BOYS

Potatoes will be the main crop here next year

BOYS at Aldenham School, near St Albans, are adding to the glory of their predecessors and are setting a new ideal for those who are to follow. The day on which I had the privilege of visiting the school and seeing a little of what at least 50 per cent. of the boys are doing to enlarge the country's food production effort was a red letter day for me.

While I was there I heard that in the days before the war a boy who was asked what his father was, and replied that he farmed, drew the sorry expression "Poor devil!" Nowadays the corresponding remark is likely to be something like "Aren't you lucky!" That change seems to me to indicate a happy outlook for the future.

At the annual general meeting of the National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs the President, the Duke of Norfolk, remarked that Aldenham was the first Public School to form its Young Farmers' Club and affiliate to the National Federation. That is very creditable to the school, and I should like to emphasise the Duke's hope "that other of the Public Schools will realise the importance of what Aldenham has done, and very shortly follow in its footsteps."

There are several reasons why the School's

"young farmers" are to be congratulated. They are providing regular labour on farms in the neighbourhood, working in parties of two or three up to a total of 20 for three hours at a time, and helping in many directions. They have assisted or are assisting in such things as reclaiming derelict land, hoeing, planting kale and vegetables, weeding, haymaking, driving horses or tractors.

On the day of my visit a party of the boys had gone to help a farmer with the potato harvest, and I watched the energetic way in which, with other workers, they collected and bagged the tubers lifted and thrown out by a tractor potato spinner.

Parties have also been usefully employed on the farms of the London Passenger Transport Board.

The Society has 130 members. During the summer term they put in 3,072 hours' work on farms. They are paid about sixpence an hour. The boys do not, however, receive payment individually—the money goes into a Society fund, each member's earnings being credited to him. If a member leaves the School he can receive a cash payment, but meanwhile the fund is used for food production by the Society on the School grounds, where the boys work voluntarily on the Society's own farm venture.

About six acres of the playing fields have been ploughed by the boys and sown with mustard for turning in to improve the soil. It is proposed to plant most of this with potatoes next spring, and also to plant a plot of marrow-stem kale. Two acres elsewhere were ploughed last winter and lent to a farmer, but are being taken over by the Society this winter. Other land may, if desirable, be ploughed and brought into cultivation.

Poultry and rabbit keeping are as yet rather restricted, but it is hoped to develop this side of production, with fold units and a rabbithry.

By arrangement with the Ministry of Agriculture, 54 boys over 16 were trained during the last three weeks of summer term in the driving and maintenance of tractors. Three tractors were sent and the instructors were three women undergraduates of Somerville College, Oxford. During the last week the six acres already mentioned were ploughed, disc-harrowed and got ready for sowing entirely by the boys.

Mention must certainly be made of the endeavour to make silage, in connection with which two silos are being used. In one of the playing fields a fresh growth of quite short grass had been cut, and some of the boys were busy raking it together for collection. Near the silos boys were also engaged on thatching a stack.

The activities of the boys cannot fail to be associated with a strong bias in the direction of agricultural education, and this is of the greater importance because so many of the



ALDENHAM SCHOOL BOYS HELPING WITH A POTATO HARVEST

This picture was taken on a neighbouring farm

boys will in due time surely be in a position to exercise a valuable influence in land and rural affairs. They have already wisely taken advantage of the proximity of Rothamsted Experimental Station and the Hertfordshire Institute of Agriculture, both of which, as one would expect, are very ready to afford guidance. Indeed, on the day of my visit the Principal of the Hertfordshire Institute, Mr. J. Hunter-Smith, was present and discussed various things with us all; as also was Major M. Hiles, Secretary-Treasurer of the National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs, to whom all "young farmers," and the country itself, owe a debt of gratitude.

The School Farming Society is fortunate in having as its senior one of the older boys who is perhaps exceptionally fitted for the job, being not only capable as a student but inspiring to the others, while he is proceeding to take an agricultural degree course and make farm science a life's interest.

The enthusiastic work and interest of the boys of Aldenham School—whose life is surely set in pleasant places—is inspired and sustained by the School authorities, the genial club leader, Mr. G. F. C. Mead, a housemaster, and Mr. George Riding, the headmaster. The older boys clearly realise this now: the younger ones will surely do so later.



THATCHING STACKS IS ANOTHER OF THE BOYS' ACTIVITIES



THE MAKING OF SILAGE IS VERY IMPORTANT WORK

THE ART OF COVERT SHOOTING

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

PHEASANTS, as it seems to me, have always managed to achieve a more unenviable notoriety than other game. This may be to a great extent because they are unquestionably gaudy and expensive looking birds, of luxurious habits, not to mention Oriental morals. "Subsisting chiefly on poor men's crops, they are bred in thousands for the entertainment of the rich." In these characteristics they are "symbolic of an outworn aristocracy."

I quote verbatim from the more virulent of pre-war "anti-blood sports" propaganda, to which, indeed we are indebted mainly for the popular idea that pheasant shooting is an "artificial" sport. The exception is held to be the rule, which is another way of saying that while here and there it may always have been possible to find shootings with too abundantly stocked coverts and hand-rearing carried to excess, such are by no stretch of imagination average conditions. Expense apart, record breaking is unfashionable to-day; men prefer quality rather than quantity in shooting.

Now that hand-rearing is taboo for the duration of the war, we shall hear a good deal less about "tame" pheasants. The "artificial" complex too, may die a natural death. For actually there is nothing deliberately artificial about covert shooting, unless one defines artifice as the degree of skill requisite to induce pheasants to fly as nearly as possible out of shot. Hand-reared birds are not the guileless innocents that so many people would like us to believe. The poult that you see at six to eight weeks old is a very different creature when he has enjoyed five months of life.

It may be true that hand-reared birds will always come to the keeper's whistle; that they are prone to herd in covert; and that they take a little time to acquire the sense of direction and the flying strength that are inherent in their wild relatives brought up in natural surroundings. But once deprived of their foster-mothers they are quick to profit by example, and long before the shooting season opens they are fully alive to all the arts of self-preservation. It is an age-old fallacy, as every shooter knows, that hand-reared birds fly neither as fast nor as high and far as wild ones. Nor if you should ever, to gain experience of the breed, offer your services in the beating line, will you discover anything to choose between the "tame" and wild in the matter of low cunning.

To get this covert shooting business then in true perspective, let me assume that you are a novice and let us gate-crash on a shoot, typical of scores of others up and down the country which yield attractive yet by no means outsize bags. In point of fact, where I am taking you we are well satisfied with 80 pheasants at the first time through, all of which are wild birds bred in the wooded glens that run up to the fringes of a moor. The country is undulating rather than actually hilly, but the shoot possesses one great advantage in that its coverts are so situated as to render very easy the observance of the first principle of covert shooting, to push the birds away from home so that they will fly back at as great a height as possible.

You will see, let us say, six guns strung out along a ride, some thirty yards in width, which means in other words that, while each has an ample field of view, he has precisely one second and a half, once a pheasant travelling at normal speed comes within effective range, to focus, fire and kill it. And watching the heights and angles at which the pheasants come, it may occur to you that those which curl 35 yards up on stiffish breeze are not the easiest of targets. Moreover, as you will also notice, the average cock pheasant has an almost uncanny instinct for judging the precise second at which it will pay him best imperceptibly to change pace into a glide on outstretched wings, which looks so slow and easy but which is, in fact, so puzzling to the shooter.

Ere this, you will have realised that the planning of a covert shoot is not the work of a few hasty moments; that the "helpless innocents" are in sober fact active pedestrians and speedy, which get not on the wing until they must. You will notice, too, that it is precisely this attribute that the efficient keeper utilises

to the best advantage. He knows that pheasants will always skim low over a clearing to shelter in the thick stuff, and so for months past he has been adapting the under-cover to the numbers of his birds, in strengthening the flushing points, and clearing ground where cover should be thin so that by making the best use of the pheasant's running powers they may be induced to make for just those spots from which they can be ejected to rise to the best advantage.

Yet you realise also that not the least of his difficulties is to control a homogeneous mob of beaters, whose inclination is to greet the appearance of the humble rabbit with raucous cat-calls worthy of a cup-tie crowd. If this occurs, with irritating and unnecessary frequency, good-bye to the chance of getting pheasants up in proper form. But if the only sound to be heard is a continuous rattle of sticks; if the advance is slow and even; if the whole line halts instantaneously upon the whistle blowing, and if 40 yards ahead one hears the pit-pat of the birds running forward to the flushing points, you write that keeper down as a man who knows his job from A to Z.

And then should you take a turn as beater's gun, you will notice quite a lot of other things. That, for instance, although the cock pheasant is a large and colourful bird, he is past master in the art of self-effacement. He will introduce himself to you as you painfully extricate yourself from a prickly bush and leg it good and hard for the next one. And when you

go forward to prod him out of that, lo and behold he is not there! He knows a trick worth two of yours, and quietly has he slipped into a drain, legged it back again, and, when the line is safely past, you will hear a chortle from your old friend, who sails happily across the valley to tell a bed-time story to his pals.

And then in compensation you will watch an even rise of birds 80 yards back in the covert, from which you single out an old cock coming straight and heightening all the way. He is barely 60 yards away now, as you raise your gun, and he is travelling at the rate of an express train. At an angle of 45 degrees in front, you swing and, taking it clean in the neck he folds his wings and crashes down, to land a good 20 yards behind you. Those are the shots worth waiting for, that send you home to tea with a glow of satisfaction. But there are many more difficult than they, as, for instance, when the coverts lie on the hillside and you can only a momentary glimpse of your bird between the trees as he curves downwards to the valley. And here, where guns and beaters are often out of sight of one another, you must look before you shoot and not afterwards, for safety's sake.

But anyway, you will have had a pleasant day, one hopes, an instructive day, on beaters whose flushing areas and sewelling and stopping are so arranged that the pheasants cannot but rise while yet a hundred yards or more separate them from the line of guns.

You will perhaps have noticed, too, that the man who can hit two out of every three of these skyscrapers is a very fine performer. And then perhaps you will ask again, as I do, whence come these tales of guileless innocents "butchered to make a holiday"?

THE BEST OF THE TWO-YEAR-OLDS

BIG GAME AND SUN CHARIOT

IN a recent article the results of the Second October Sales which, for a war-time auction, were the most remarkable ever held by Messrs. Tattersall at Newmarket were reviewed. Here the purpose is to draw attention to the hitherto unnoticed facts that, for the first time in the history of the establishment, the National Stud is responsible for the best two-year-old colt of the year in Big Game, who has never been beaten in any of his five races, and for the best two-year-old filly in Sun Chariot, who has four successes to her credit. Another unique happening in what has been throughout an unique season is that, in owning these two, even if only for their racing careers, His Majesty King George VI has put up a record for a reigning monarch.

Now, to get the story in its true perspective and illustrate its real interest, it is necessary

to go back to the December of 1915 when Colonel Hall Walker—later to become Lord Wavertree—sold his studs at Tully, in County Kildare, Ireland, and at Russley in Wiltshire, to the nation, and at the same time gave with them a foundation-ground of bloodstock upon which to work. White Eagle and Royal Realm were the stallions handed over. Among the 30 mares were such as Jean's Folly the dam of the St. Leger winner Night Hawk; Flaming Vixen the dam of Flash of Steel; the One Thousand Guineas victress Witch Elm; Prince Palatine's dam Lady Lightfoot and Dolabella and Blanche. These stallions and mares, together with 10 yearling fillies, 20 foals and eight horses in training, which altogether were valued at £74,000 by Sir—then Mr.—Henry Greer the first manager, were that nucleus, and from among them Dolabella and Blanche are, at the moment, of most importance.

The former, who was by the City and Suburban and Atlantic Stakes winner White Eagle (£15,823), came from Gondollette, a daughter of Loved One, who was sold to Lord Derby for 1,550gs. at the December Sales of 1912, and for him was responsible for the One Thousand Guineas winner Ferry and the Derby winner Sansovino and, through her daughters and grand-daughters, for such as the Derby and St. Leger hero Hyperion; the St. Leger victress Tranquillar and the Ascot Gold Cup winner Bosworth. Somehow Dolabella seemed to be, though she actually was not, the Cinderella of Gondollette's get. Only one race, and that in a small event at Salisbury of £209, carried her way upon the race-course, but in the broodmare paddocks at Tully she made a name if only because she goes down



BIG GAME, THE BEST TWO-YEAR-OLD COLT
OF THE YEAR

The property of H.M. the King and bred at the National Stud

history as the dam, to Tetratema, of Myrobella.

Officially described as a grey or roan, Myrobella was, and maybe still is, a big roomy member of her sex with a deep front, a well placed shoulder, tons of room behind the saddle, and the best of legs and feet. Her record upon the racecourse was of the meteoric variety. As a youngster she won five races, including the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster of £11,525, and was reckoned by the Official Handicapper to be the best of her age and 7lb. superior to Hyperion. In her second season a like number of events, carrying £4,275 in stakes, came her way, and as a four-year-old she earned one bracket worth £343. Sprinting, as befitting a daughter of her sire, was Myrobella's forte. Limitation or limitations of stamina must be one of the queries concerning the chances of her son Big Game in the classic races of next year, but while questioning this it is as well to remember that Big Game's sire Bahram won the triple-crown and that his sire Blandford was also responsible for the Derby and St. Leger winners Trigo and Windsor Lad and for the Derby winner Blenheim, who is now the leading sire in America.

Mention of Blandford necessitates a return to the name of Blanche who was his dam. Like Dolabella, a daughter of White Eagle, Blanche, who first saw daylight at the Tully Stud in 1912, was a half-sister from Black Cherry to Jean's Folly, the dam of the St. Leger winner Night Hawk and of Poisoned Arrow's dam White Lie; she was half-sister also to the One Thousand Guineas and Oaks winner Cherry Lass, from whom came the Great Jubilee Handicap winner Absolute, and to the Coventry Stakes and St. James's Palace Stakes winner Black Arrow. Useless upon the racecourse, with 10 efforts and no returns to her name, Blanche took up matronly duties at Tully and bred such as Blandford; Blanc Mange, a winner of £1,550 in stakes and dam of such as Tarte Maison and Mange Tout; the Chesterfield Cup victor Silver Hussar and, to Friar Marcus, Sun Chariot's grandam Nun's Veil who, as a two-year-old, was successful in the Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes at Newmarket, the Caterham Stakes at Epsom, and the Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket, so accrediting Lord Lonsdale, who had leased her from the National Stud, with £2,297 in prize-money.

Returning to Tully, Nun's Veil was mated up with Hurry On's son Diligence and produced Sun Chariot's dam Clarence who never carried silk and produced the King's filly to the Derby and St. Leger winner Hyperion at her second foaling. A nice-sized, whole-coloured, brown filly with plenty of rein, a well-placed shoulder, plenty of power behind the saddle and an easy action, Sun Chariot can, perhaps, be faulted on her flightiness and the windmill action of her tail. Still, Hyperion's other famous daughter Godiva had this latter trait and despite it won the One Thousand Guineas and Oaks, so it is to be hoped this is all that is wrong and that she has not inherited the softness which was transmitted by her maternal grandsire's grandam Cheshire Cat.

That completes the stories of Big Game and Sun Chariot. The wish may be, in fact is, father to the thought that between them they might account for all the classics of 1942. What a message it would be to broadcast to Britons throughout the world that our King had owned the winners of the Derby and the Oaks and that they had been bred at our National Stud. Let's hope it !

ROYSTON.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE ESTONIAN ISLANDS

SIR.—With the Nazi claim to the capture of Saare Maa, Muhu and Vormsi (Oesel Dago, Moon and Worms, in the German our Press unfeeling persists in using) these pleasant islands are plunged again into war, as they have so often been before because of their strategic position in the Baltic. One of Estonia's first invaders, King Valdemar II of Denmark, who landed with a tremendous army in 1219, found that it took him five years to overcome the stubborn resistance of the people of Saare Maa, and it was here that the Germans first landed when they came to support the Balts against the Bolsheviks during the last war and departed conquered by fierce and brilliant fighting. It was to get possession of Saare Maa and Hiiu Maa as naval and air bases that a pact of mutual assistance was signed by Russia in September, 1939.

Muhu is a pastoral island with pretty lanes bordered by stone walls and stone cottages, one of the few remaining places in Europe where national dress is worn as a matter of course. Here women cowards wear very short orange skirts decorated with black embroidery, black bodices over full white blouses, and minute stiff embroidered caps. A dyke road spans the three kilometres of water which separates Muhu from Saare Maa, and it is along this road that the German invaders have been pouring. At Muhu the last gallant stand was made against the Teutonic Crusader Knights in the Middle Ages, when after a siege lasting for six days the entire population, except for one man, was massacred.

Saare Maa is the largest of Estonia's 818 islands, a very delightful place in summer-time as an old folk-song says, with its golden untrod beaches, its lakes packed with water lilies and great drifts of yellow flags growing in the marshes, its windmills and neat little houses fenced round with characteristic diagonal fencing. In pre-war days the deep forests used to provide pit-props for export to England.

Life on the island is stark, and arduous, symbolised by the juniper which is to be seen everywhere, maintaining life even on the bare rocks, stubborn, tenacious, determined to survive under the hardest conditions. Saare Maa's soil is unproductive, wooden ploughs and implements are still in use, transport difficulties are great and there is a conspicuous absence of men on the island. Women plough the fields and do all that men do in other countries.

Estonia has known the horrors of German tyranny for six centuries and Kuresaare, the island's capital, is still dominated by a mediaeval Bishop's Castle in which the usurpers carried on a lavish social life while indulging in tortures hardly inferior to those of the concentration camp. Indeed no race has longer or more bitter experience of the Germans than the Estonians have; overbearing insolence, vicious cruelty, racial pollution ramps are no new things for them. A law of 1507 decreed that no aristocratic German should marry one of lower station, and the story is told of how a baron cut a hole in a frozen lake and drowned his sister because she had married a schoolmaster.

Strength and endurance, natural dignity and gentleness of bearing characterise these island people. Six centuries of baronial tyranny failed to break their spirit, and there is little likelihood that the Nazi juggernaut will do so now.—E. H.



STAGE HANDS AND ARTISTS AT OFLAG VB, WITH COL. EVERARD, O.C. ENTERTAINMENTS

A LETTER FROM A PRISONER OF WAR

SIR.—I enclose a photograph and shall be glad if you like to put it in COUNTRY LIFE. Here is an extract from my son's letter (2nd Lt. M. L. Quartermaine, B.P.O.W., 1238, Oflag VB) giving the names, for your information :—

"Only one of your letters, this week, Mother's of August 14. But I have had three more cigarette parcels, two book parcels (contents unknown as yet) and one games parcel with some books in and one large part—like the top of a tennis net post. Can you explain? Thank you very much for it all. I see you are sending books via Miss Christine Knowles. The date of to-day's is January 31. Alistair Henderson got his gramophone last week, but it hasn't come back from the censor's yet. I am enclosing a photograph of the stage hands, artists, etc., on the stage here (names L. to R.: self, Alison, J. D. Hurrey, Johnson, Alec Brown, Robert Powell, Scrimgeour, Reg. Wood, Smith; Seated: Col. Everard, who runs the entertainments). I don't look particularly beautiful (yes, it is meant to be a moustache, not a fault in the printing!) The Ghost Train is well over now, and we are tackling a South Sea Island cruise, featuring the Maoris who are with us."

If any next of kin desire copies of the photograph and they will write to me at this address, I shall be pleased to have them forwarded when printed.—(Mrs.) D. QUARTERMAINE, Sedgley, Russell Road, Moor Park, Northwood, Middlesex.

A PEREGRINE AND HER PREY

SIR.—As I was returning to my cottage in the Welsh mountains shortly after sunrise a peregrine falcon dropped like a stone not more than three or four yards from me and caught a lark in her talons. Then she alighted only a short distance away, apparently noticed me for the first time, and flew off, still clutching her victim, to a spot roughly 30yds. away. Here, her beak well up and her breast ruffled by the wind, she looked truly magnificent. As soon as she alighted several small birds dashed towards her, screaming and fluttering their wings in an attempt to frighten her off. After enduring this for a short time she rose into the air and flew easily over the brow of the hill. Although I know such scenes have been witnessed many times I believe few people can have had such a good view.—CYM SMITH, Capel Curig, North Wales.



CHILDREN FROM THE ISLAND OF VORMSI



SHOPS WITH PAINTED DISPLAYS AT KURESAARE

A DUTCH INN

SIR.—The thirsty traveller who finds himself in the village of Kirstead not far from Norwich, should seek out the Green Man, a picturesque inn of three centuries ago. This is a typical Dutch house with three gables instead of the usual two; the Dutch style of architecture is a strong feature of East Anglia. William of Orange sent to his native Holland for workmen to build the dykes that were so necessary in East Anglia, that low-lying part of the country.

Gone are the Dutchmen now, though we still find a few names and types that remind us of their presence in Norfolk and Suffolk. They have left behind them a pleasant reminder of their handiwork, and it is to be hoped that every effort will be made to preserve these Dutch inns with their pretty gables and the red brick that looks so gay on a cold winter's day.

The traveller who likes the antique treasures of England (more precious now than ever, alas!) will

and is now sprouting up again in bushy leaves.—
FLORA POORE, Rose Lawn Coppice, Wimborne, Dorset.

PRESERVATION IN WAR-TIME

SIR.—The remains of St. Joseph's Chapel stand in the grounds of Glastonbury Abbey ruined by Henry VIII. The decorated archway shown in my photograph was being cleaned in spite of war-time difficulties at the time when I took the picture, and a hose can be seen playing on the masonry. Of course it is an expert job, and the shortage of skilled labour made the work very slow.—SEDGE-MOOR SERJEANT.

DISAPPEARING ROOKS

SIR.—Your correspondent J. Williams (October 3), referring to the loss of his rooks, says he never has any of them shot.

May not this account for their disappearance? At my old country home there was an old and



THE GREEN MAN AT KIRSTEAD: A TYPICAL DUTCH BUILDING

stopping at the Green Man for a refresher may give a thought to the Hollander of old days and raise a glass to his memory.—DOROTHY HAMILTON DEAN, *The Hollies, Buckfastleigh, Devon.*

A GIANT KALE

From Lady Flora Poore.

SIR.—Last year a bird must have dropped the seed of this kale (cabbage) in the stones of my terrace. The plant grew, and last month attained the height of over 10ft. and became covered with a glorious aureole of yellow blossom as you see in the snapshot. A member of the Royal Horticultural Society when shown it said he had not seen its like before. It was then cut down to within 2½ ft. of the ground,

thriving rookery; every May, much against its owner's personal wishes, a small shoot of the young birds was held. This was to prevent the rookery being forsaken, it being understood that the birds always will forsake a colony where the young ones are not reduced.

Most of your readers will be able to explain the absence of house-sparrows from Scorrer. They have flocked to every other parish in the country; most, I think, have settled in Sussex!—A. MAYO, 2, *The Steyne, Worthing.*

HUMILIATING THE COCO-NUT PALM

SIR.—A practice designed to make coco-nut palms yielding useless fruit produce better obtains on our estates in Ceylon. It is perhaps founded on the peasant's belief that the palm is endowed with life and sense such as human beings possess and so can be shamed into behaving better when its faults are exposed to public ridicule.

When a palm bears "puchee" nuts (that is nuts which are found to have no kernel), the estate-watcher cuts a number of nuts longitudinally into two and strings them into a sort of garland, which he ties with a rope round the trunk of the palm. He believes that the delinquent tree will be put on its mettle and be aroused to a sense of shame, and subsequent self-respect, and will never again bear "puchee" nuts.

Curiously enough, after some time the palm bears better fruit, and will, it is said, never again let itself or its owner down.—S. V. O. SOMANADER, Batticaloa, Ceylon.

A WAY OF PICKLING ASHEN KEYS

SIR.—It may interest your readers to see an old recipe for pickling the seeds of the Ash. "Having those which are young, plump and very tender, parboil them in a little fair water, then take a pint of white wine, half a pint of vinegar, the juice of a couple of lemons, and a little bay salt, and boil them together; let it stand by till it is cold, then pour in the Ashen Keys into the pickle, and cover them." This comes from the *Lady's Companion, 1743.* —SEA MORNING.

PEEPING TOM OF COVENTRY

SIR.—It may, I think, interest some of your readers, and the writers of the recent letters about Peeping Tom, to hear that according to local tradition (at any rate during the nineteenth century when I and my ancestors lived in that district) the first story of the peeping tailor man, called Peeping Tom, was



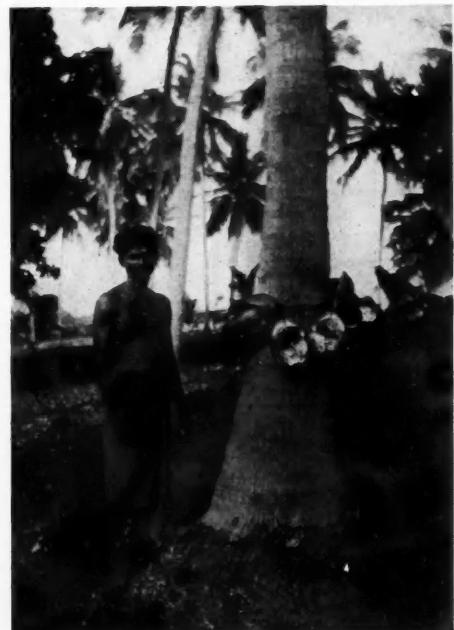
THE GIANT KALE IN BLOOM



CLEANING STONWORK AT GLASTONBURY

invented in connection with the first Lady Godiva Pageant which took place in the reign of King Charles II, and it was supposed to be at that time, or shortly afterwards, that the attractive statue was put leaning out of a window to represent the peeping tailor man during these pageants.

This interesting old statue is an oak statue of a man in armour with helmet on his head, greaves on his legs and sandals on his feet, the arms cut off at the elbows to favour the posture of leaning out of the window. It has for the last 100 years or so been in a window of King's Head Hotel, and when this hotel was rebuilt some fifty or sixty years ago, was given a special window in the top floor. I remember being told by the manager at that hotel that the serious cutting away at the back was done by American visitors who took away these cuttings as reminders of this interesting old statue.—ROBERT H. ARROWSMITH, *Ethelbert Road, Canterbury.*



SHAMING A COCO-NUT PALM INTO A BETTER YIELD

"THE VINES OF PLINY"

SIR.—Pliny's Villa at Ostia has always been a subject of considerable speculation to the students of his times. We have, however, the delightful descriptions contained in the letters of the younger Pliny, and it is from these that I am endeavouring to re-create in a scale model the beauties of this lovely country home.

The object of the model is to give not only an architectural reproduction of the buildings themselves but a complete picture of the life and occupations of those that dwelt in them. This can only be conveyed by making an equally careful reproduction of the immediate surroundings. With reasonable study a fairly accurate picture can be arrived at except in the case of the vineyard

or as Pliny terms it "the vine plantation." It is possible that the use of the expression "vine plantation" is intended to convey the fact that the vines in this case were grown more for decoration than for use, but perhaps it would be best to give the description in Pliny's own words:

"Inside the drive is a vine plantation, fresh and shady and nice soft walking even for bare feet. The garden is full of mulberries and fig trees, the soil being difficult for any others."

It is known that in these days vines were frequently grown over living trees such as elms, but it is not clear how the vines themselves were planted. If the young vines were planted at the roots of the trees so that they might be trained up the trunks they must have suffered from shade, root starvation and the drippings from the branches. This might have been obviated by planting the vines while the trees themselves were still quite young, in which case the vine would have soon outgrown the supports afforded by the branches and in all probability have ultimately strangled the tree itself.

One other method suggests itself, and that is that the vines were planted between the trees and trained up poles to such a time that they should be strong enough to train over the adjoining branches, but in this case one is apt to wonder why the use of poles was not continued and the trees eliminated altogether.

Treillage, statues, temples and all the artificialities of Versailles were not unknown in gardens of this period; yet Pliny makes no special mention of such.

The question remains as to how best to grow vines in a garden filled with mulberries and figs, and whether figs were grown on walls or as free shrubs. Any information on this subject would be most gratefully accepted.—CLIFFORD PEMBER, *Homefield, Langford, Lechlade, Gloucestershire*.

[Perhaps one of our readers with some knowledge of vine culture may be able to assist our correspondent. Although De Candolle in *L'Origine des Plantes Cultivées* describes the vine as growing like a tropical creeper and clinging to tall trees, these trees would be neither figs nor mulberries. We doubt very much whether figs and vines could be made to grow together. Rather do we think that the vines in Pliny's garden were trained on poles, these being removed when the main stem was sufficiently strong to carry the plants, support being given only to the long rods. Perhaps they were grown in the form of a pleached alley with figs and mulberries flanking them.—ED.]

THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN

SIR,—Facts about the Ladies of Llangollen may be found in *The Hamwood Papers*, edited by Mrs. G. H. Bell (Macmillan); and a mixture of facts and fiction in *The Chase of the Wild Goose* by Mary Gordon (Hogarth Press).

The Ladies were very particular about the cut and colour of their "habits"—a garment worn by eighteenth century ladies when travelling, which Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby continued to have made for them long after the rest of the world had given up wearing it. Trousers of course were not worn in the British Isles until after the Peninsular War, the comfort of them having been discovered in Spain by serving officers. Dr. Mary Gordon told me the Ladies hats were made by André of Bond Street.

It was my great-grandmother who took Miss Mary Parker over to sketch the Ladies. The second Lord Kenyon got them a pension, or an addition to their pension, in 1821, when they were 82 and



THE PEACEFUL CHARM OF BISHOPS CANNINGS

66 years of age. Pensions were given sometimes for very little reason in those days. The Ladies were not rich. The Duke of Wellington's mother was a life-long friend; they had been young together in Ireland. Lady Mornington's mother, Lady Dungannon, lived at Brynkinalt for a long period of her life, so it is just possible this may have influenced their settling at Llangollen, though I am not sure

marvellous earthwork believed to have been built after the Roman occupation, may be explored. A lonely cottage, called Shepherd's Shore (Marlborough-Devizes road) and Morgan's Hill are places to make for. Here, cut out of the chalk, is the great wall plainly seen. From the parapet to the silted-up ditch is some 30ft. and very steep. It must date from 400-500 A.D., but little is known about it, for certain, although it was probably constructed for defence by the Britons against the Saxon. It runs from Inkpen Beacon in Berkshire to Portishead on the Severn, 60 miles. The resistance of the ancient Britons has of course been immortalised in the legend of King Arthur.—F. R. WINSTONE, Bristol.

A RELIC OF COCK-FIGHTING
SIR,—A photograph of a survival from the days of cock-fighting may interest your readers. It is a box containing eight silver spurs for fighting-cocks and places for another pair. The label on the lid reads as follows :

SAMUEL TOULMIN
Silver Cockspur Maker
Successor to Smith & Gatesfield
at the Dial & Crown near Hungerford Market in the Strand
LONDON

N.B. Mr. Gatesfield was friend & Successor to the late Mr. Smith, mentioned in Mr. Halkin's ingenious Poem call'd the COCKER page 58
As curious Artists different Skill disclose,
The various Weapon different Temper shows;
Now curving Points too soft a Temper bear;
And now too hard their brittleness declare;
Now on the Plain the treacherous Weapons lie;
Now wing'd in Air the shiver'd Fragments fly;
Surpriz'd, shagrin'd, th'incautious Feeder's
gaze,

And SMITH alone ingenious Artist prais'd.

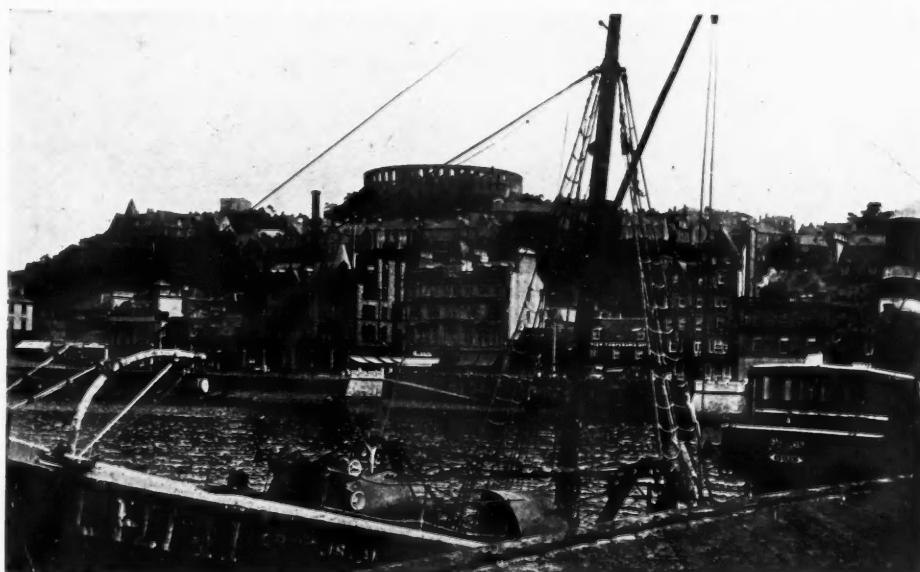
ALSO
All sorts of
Watches & Clocks
MADE BY
Sam'l. Toulmin
at the
Above Place.
—G. OATES, Stamford, Lincolnshire.

A SCOTTISH COLOSSEUM

SIR,—An amusing story is told of the remarkable imitation of the Roman Colosseum which dominates the little town of Oban in Argyllshire. This building was erected by a wealthy banker named McCaig, who thought it was worth spending part of his fortune on an elaborate family memorial. Beneficiaries in the crazy old gentleman's will were to be disinherited unless they put up a dozen bronze statues, each costing not less than a thousand pounds, of the McCaig clan.

When the will was challenged in a court of law, however, the judge decided that it was not valid. So "McCaig's Folly" has remained empty and disused for over a century, though it does serve as a landmark for sailors.—W. H. OWENS, 126, Chatsworth Road, Cricklewood, N.W.2.

"McCaig's Folly," or rather his praiseworthy devotion to the scenery of Oban, has certainly contributed monumental character to the West Highland port which gives it at first sight something of the appearance of the port of Pola in Istria, where the ruined Roman amphitheatre dominates the harbour in somewhat similar manner. The beneficiaries of his will were naturally exasperated, being normal Scots; and neither Scottish nor English Law is biased in favour of the picturesque. But McCaig's public spirit and dramatic conception of the monumental deserve better of us who enjoy the result, however imperfect, of his enthusiasm than the epitaph "crazy." Yet to the middle-class Briton the application of private fortune to public embellishment always has appeared crazy, whence our slum-like nineteenth century cities.—ED.]



MCCAIG'S FOLLY AT OBAN

THE ESTATE MARKET

INVESTMENT AND SPECULATION

WITH a degree of insight that is not possessed by the majority of mortals some speakers or writers claim to have discovered an immense amount of speculation in land. Whether they object to speculation as such is not so clear as that they complain of alleged exorbitancy in the resale of the properties that have, they say, been acquired by the speculators.

One member of Parliament has asserted that a small farm, let at a rent of a few pounds a year, has been offered to the tenant for something approaching 100 years' purchase. The allegation has been hastily made, and, if the facts are as stated, the rejoinder of those who are fully acquainted with all the aspects of the transaction needs to be heard before any accurate opinion can be formed.

THE PRACTICE OF AGENCY

PASSING from the particular case for the moment, it may be pointed out that a very mistaken view of the nature of estate agency has been conveyed to some minds by the terms of the reference to it in Parliament. They were to the effect that estate agents, and London was suggested as their location, personally purchase property, which they then offer by auction, and that they are ready to wring extravagant terms out of tenants who may wish to remain in occupation. No more erroneous idea of the practice of estate agency could be entertained. Supposing it were possible for it to be done by an agent, what reception would such proceedings meet with when the legal formalities of the contract came to the purchaser's notice? He would be bound to see that the vendor had been the very same man who had purported to be holding the auction, and a good deal of trouble would follow. The whole notion is too fantastic, and it would not be worth a moment's discussion but that it seems to have received some credence among those who are not acquainted with agency procedure, and it is well to refute any suggestion of the sort in specific terms at the outset, for false impressions, no matter how ridiculous, may deepen, and in the absence of contradiction be assumed to have a basis of fact.

WHO BUYS FARMS ?

THE answer can be unhesitatingly given that by far the larger number of farms that are now changing hands under the hammer are passing at first-hand, that is without the intervention of any kind of middleman, into the possession of practical farmers, mainly the tenants. A few phenomenally high prices have been recorded, where the bidders have been not the tenants but farmers from other counties. Without doubt those bidders were not speculators, nor were they investors in the special sense of the word, but purely agriculturists resolved to try their fortunes in fresh fields and pastures (or arable for the time being) new.

THE VOLUME OF SALES

NO matter what efforts are made it is impossible for anyone to arrive at even an approximately correct estimate of the turnover of property in any given period, because none can know the precise total of private treaty transactions. So many auctions are, too, held locally in remote places, and may never get even the restricted publicity of the local paper. Another obstacle to the ascertainment of totals is that some of the agents who do the largest business at auction not only do not announce the prices realised for individual lots: they do not even condescend to publish a total. What this means to anyone who would try to form an estimate of the aggregate turnover in any period will be seen when it is mentioned that usually at an auction some of the lots are withdrawn, on account of not having reached the reserve, but they change hands before the agents and solicitors have left the auction room. However laboriously anyone might keep the scoring-board of the declared sales, he would be in the dark about the private deals. Of course there is a reason for the non-publication of some results of sales, and it is generally that the buyer does not want others to know what he has paid, thinking that it is his own affair, and that he wishes neither to be congratulated on having got a bargain nor commiserated with for having paid too much. He may conceivably have a re-sale in mind,



191 ACRES SOLD FOR £3,600: PIPP'S FARM, CODDENHAM, NEAR IPSWICH

This farm was offered, with vacant possession, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. R. C. Knight and Sons, at the recent auction at Ipswich, of Bayham and Darmsden portions of the Shrubland Estate, Suffolk

without thereby being justly stigmatised as a "speculator."

SPECULATIVE DEALINGS

THAT there is a certain amount of speculation in farm land cannot be denied, if by the word is implied purchase with no other object than re-selling. But anyone with experience is, as a rule, able to distinguish such purchases and offers from ordinary dealings. Further, if anyone feels aggrieved at the magnitude of the price, there is no compulsion on him to buy. He can quit in due course, and, like some recent buyers, look out for something at his own figure elsewhere. If, however, someone else comes along, and pays the price demanded, the reasonable inference seems to be that it was not an outrageous one. Buyers of large estates *en bloc* for re-sale require a profit on their dealings like dealers in any other market. A fair profit for what may be called the retailer is, of course, fundamentally different from a price exacted in the knowledge or belief that the occupier cannot without serious loss leave the property. That kind of exactation has usually been rather a feature of urban rather than rural transactions.

THE RAISING OF RENT

ONE eager student of particulars of London premises used, during the last years of his

FARMING NOTES

WILL THERE BE ENOUGH GRAZING IN 1942 ?

ONE of the most interesting points raised at the Farmers' Club meeting when Mr. James Mackintosh read his paper on feeding livestock under wartime conditions, was the suggestion of one farmer in the audience that he would have more than enough home-grown feeding-stuffs for his stock during the coming winter but not enough grazing for them during the summer of 1942. Mr. Mackintosh had suggested that one to one and a half acres per cow is required for pasture and that on most farms a certain amount of grassland has to be set aside in the summer for hay-making. This farmer, so I gathered, had not been allowed by the War Agricultural Committee to retain what he considered sufficient grazing for his cattle during the summer, and he declared that he was afraid of what would happen if we had a dry summer. No doubt there are some cases like this, but they must be the exception. Some farmers have without any compulsion ploughed up a large proportion of their grassland in order to take arable crops which are now profitable, but this has been deliberate policy involving a reduction in the

retirement from a very lucrative profession, to find out the trading position and prospects of tenants and then say "He is paying only so much," naming the figure, "and if I buy the place his rent will be doubled to begin with," and very often the operation succeeded "according to plan."

It was not a nice place and its unpleasants were increased by the thought that, except to add more to an already ample fortune, the purchaser had no need to interfere at all. Yet, in fairness to his memory, it ought to be said that that purchaser's successive bids seldom exceeded by any remarkable amount the other genuine bids of would-be buyers.

BUYING WITH FORESIGHT

ALTOGETHER the question of what is a fair price for any property is not an easy one upon which to pronounce a decided judgment. Latent value may explain some otherwise not commonly understood offers, and reverting for a moment to farms, it may be mentioned that a body of acknowledged experts in a criticism of

the recent (Barlow) Report of the Royal Commission on the Distribution of Population and Industry, has pointed out that even agricultural land may have a high prospective value for development. Surely the buyer who foresees that increment, and has the courage of his opinions, is entitled to bid what he thinks, though it may exceed what the sitting tenant is prepared to offer? To sum up: let those who care to complain about high prices go on doing so, but let them disabuse their minds of any idea that estate agents who are commissioned to sell property make a practice of buying it themselves with a view to re-selling at a higher price. Such things are not done.

ATTRACTIVE TENANCIES

THAT well-known Windermere beauty spot, Belle Isle, 38 acres, nestling under the western wooded shores of the Lake, is to be let, with the furnished house. The agents are Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

Lord Mowbray, Segrave and Stourton of Stourton has personally planned and supervised a great variety of improvements of a small mansion, near his own, on his estate near Knaresborough. Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff have his instructions to find a suitable tenant of this charming secondary residence.

ARBITER.

numbers of cattle and sheep carried on the farm. Indeed, I have come across lately one or two farmers who want to plough up virtually the whole of their farms and get rid entirely of their dairy herds for a period of two or three years. They say that corn prices now are good and that they are weary of the continual struggle with milk production and all the labour troubles that it involves. The high prices which cows are fetching in the market now are an additional inducement to farmers to cash out their dairy herds. Local War Agricultural Committees which are charged with maintaining the milk supply so far as possible may not be too happy about these cases. They do not always hear of them, but where they do persuasion is generally used to get the farmer to maintain at least part of his dairy herd.

But to return to the case of the farmer who spoke at the Farmers' Club meeting about having too much home-grown food for the winter and not enough grazing for the summer. He could, of course, eke out the summer grazing by continuing to feed silage, which he said he had made in quantity, through the early weeks



"Coo! WE MUSTN'T FORGET THE OXO"

of spring so as to give his pastures a good start in the growing season. Anyone who fears that summer grazing may be short of requirements will certainly be well advised to give all the pastures a top dressing next spring so as to make sure that the grassland as well as the arable is pulling its weight. A farmer will be in a comfortable position if he is able to carry some stocks of 1941 hay over to the winter of 1942, and somehow I do not feel that any excess of home-grown foodstuffs will prove to be an embarrassment to him.

IT does not seem to be known widely that farmers who grew a large proportion of wheat for the 1941 harvest and who have livestock, other than dairy cows, which need winter rations can apply to the War Agricultural Committees for an allocation of feeding-stuff coupons out of the "wheat growers' reserve" which has been allocated to each committee. A good many farmers, myself included, concentrated on wheat this year. We did not know last autumn, when the wheat was sown, that all millable wheat would be virtually requisitioned by the Ministry of Food. All that the wheat grower can keep for feeding to his livestock is the tailings at threshing time, which must not amount to more than 5 per cent. of the crop. Wheat was, we were told, the first priority crop and the general idea was that the farmer who grew wheat would not be in any worse position than the farmer who grew oats or barley when it came to feeding his stock. This reserve of coupons which the committees now hold is not ear-marked exclusively for wheat growers. Coupons can be issued against sales of winter beans or winter oats for seed. This is a bait to attract more seed beans and seed oats on to the market, as the demand seems to be outrunning the supply.

THIS "wheat growers' reserve" scheme is intended particularly to help farmers who run pigs and poultry on their land as part of their general farming scheme. Mr. Roland Dudley and others have spoken recently of the value of folded pigs and poultry in maintaining the fertility of second-class land. These farmers will now be able to draw some coupons against their wheat acreage if they did not this year

grow enough oats to enable them to qualify for the oat exchange coupons. There will also be some small farmers who can benefit under this scheme if they have grown some wheat or other crops like flax which are of national importance rather than oats and barley which they could have kept for feeding to their stock. Unfortunately there has been already a very heavy reduction in the numbers of pigs and poultry on general farms, largely because no one knew what the feeding-stuff position would be. We were told that it would be safe only to carry on one-sixth of the pre-war numbers, but as this is not likely to be economical on many farms the general tendency has been to cut out pigs and poultry almost entirely.

THE pity is that the Government could not have held out some hope earlier of these additional supplies being available. It is quite understandable that they should proceed cautiously, as no one can say how the Battle of the Atlantic will go from week to week. But these severe cuts in feeding-stuff rations and then unexpected windfalls do not make it easy for the farmer to plan his operations as he would like.

AS some farmers found out last autumn, acorns and beech-mast come in usefully to supplement the pigs' rations. Horse-chestnuts cause more trouble than they are worth. There do not seem to be so many acorns about as usual this year, but there are large quantities of beech-mast. Some of the local schools have already been sending out parties to collect the beech-mast. They are promised two or three shillings a hundredweight for what they collect. The beech kernels are rich in oil and protein. The husk contains a large percentage of fibre and is better separated before feeding. It is a wise precaution not to put the pigs suddenly on to beech-mast, but introduce this gradually. It seems to make the pigs thirsty, and ample supplies of water should be available. Beech-mast should never be fed to horses as it often upsets them. As regards acorns, these can replace cereals in the pig ration, and bacon pigs can safely be given up to 1lb. per pig per day. Each 1lb. of raw unshelled acorns will replace about ½lb. of barley meal. Acorns should not

be given to cattle, but they can be fed to sheep and goats. A useful acorn meal is prepared by grinding the dried nuts, separating the meal from the cracked husks by sifting. Drying improves the flavour and feeding value.

NORFOLK feeders and others who like to have their yards full of fattening cattle through the winter welcomed the lifting of the disease embargo on the import of Irish cattle. They have yet to wait for any large number of store cattle to arrive. Shipping space is limited and first preference has been given to fat cattle for immediate slaughter. The demand for store cattle is likely to continue keen for some time to come, in the spring as well as the autumn, in spite of the ploughing-up of over 4,000,000 acres of pasture since the start of the war. There is more keep in the country than I have seen for several years.

AUTUMN wheat sowing started in good time last month. A dry spell allowed farmers to get on quickly with ploughing and cultivating, and on the top land which responds best to early sowing several thousands of acres were drilled before the end of September. Barley should go into dust, but most farmers prefer to put their wheat into a moist seed-bed. With an extra large programme of autumn sowing to be accomplished, no one could afford to be too particular this year, and if the wheat went into dust in September, the present month's rains will no doubt effect a remedy. There has been some difficulty about getting seed wheat just when it was wanted. Farmer to farmer sales have been prohibited this year and seed wheat, like all other corn, must pass through the books of an approved merchant. The idea, no doubt, is to keep a check on sales, and not, as one might imagine, to give merchants an easy profit. Threshing has been going ahead at full speed, and while the seed corn did not make a bright sample because it had stood out in stock for several weeks through August, it was soon dry enough for threshing, and came out quite well. It is early days to estimate average yields, but, judging by the way the corn has been running so far, farmers who do their land well will not be disappointed by the returns they get from the 1941 harvest.

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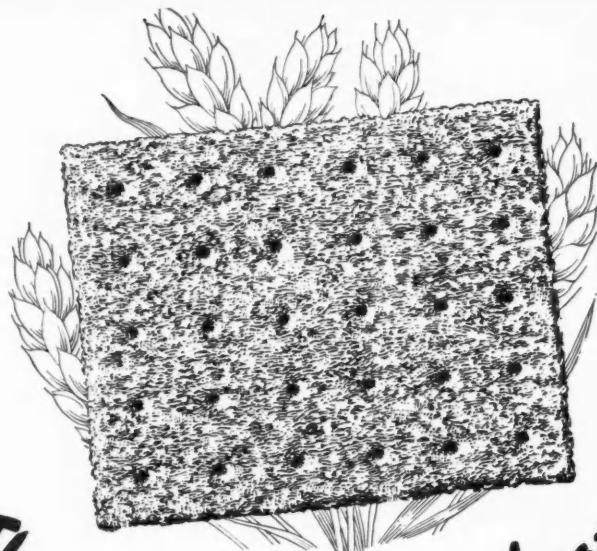
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NEW BOOKS

CHINA GOES AHEAD

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

AMERICA has a good many medical missions in China, some of them working right in the thick of the fighting. The boards who control the work of these missions wished to have a first-hand account of what was going on, and in the autumn of 1938 they sent Miss Joy Homer, a girl in her early twenties, to see things for herself. She wandered about China for 14 months, and her report is now published in a book called *Dawn Watch in China* (Collins, 12s. 6d.).

Miss Homer is one of those amazing young American women, of whom Virginia Cowles and Polly Peabody are two more good examples, who do not allow fire, flood, war, pestilence, or the very devil himself to turn them back from what they have set out to do. One is tempted, so lively and

China, and to dress wounds. But we came to die also. It is not so serious and terrible, all this!"

This helps one to understand Miss Homer when she writes later: "For the first time in China's long strange history, sacrifice had become a national craze." Sometimes Miss Homer came upon complacent areas where this flame of sacrifice had not yet struck. "Apparently it took a certain amount of fireworks and slaughter to stir in the Chinese a fitting degree of patriotism. The crux was not indifference or even selfishness, but only their inherent optimism, their tendency to sit wondering if the teapot will really fall off the table until it has actually crashed upon the floor, their subconscious feeling that the war was raging upon some other and less comfortable planet." In short, the English temperament at Munich, and the American temperament to-day.

But if this was the view of pockets of people whose routine had not yet been much disturbed, it was not the view of the Government, whose conduct was at all points enterprising and dynamic. It amazed me to learn, for example, the following facts: that in the very heat and thick of the war a "fifteen year experiment" was started for saving and educating war orphans; that as much mileage of new roads and railways had been built in free China since the war as existed in all China when the war began; that universities and medical schools, despite the dreadful bombings, are functioning actively all over China.

These schools and universities have been driven literally underground. Some parts of China are honeycombed with caves. "The next two days gave us something new to think about. They were spent in the guest-caves of Yen's universities, hidden in the west Shensi hills some twenty miles from his headquarters. Fifty thousand students were in training here. Their units honeycombed the hills like termites. Mountain after mountain had been layered into cave communities." Everywhere, too, the co-operative movement was flourishing, combines of craftsmen and artisans, where those who didn't already know a job were quickly taught one. Altogether, one gains an impression of a spirited attack on sloth and ignorance.

Miss Homer found Chiang Kai-shek's position paramount and unchallenged. "Nor could I find one who would acknowledge the possibility of defeat. Morale was not won with trick statements or with false propaganda. . . . Propaganda was mild and strangely truthful."

Chinese Christians were leading the country. "They were leaders in the government, leaders in education, especially leaders in relief and sacrifice; but always—leaders."

Miss Homer considers that the Japanese Army has made a poor



DORELIA WITH A SCARF. Pencil. 16 x 10 ins.

Reproduced by permission of the Dublin Corporation.
(From Augustus John's Drawings.)

adventurous is this record, to dwell rather on the experiences of the reporter than on the thing reported; but that temptation must be put aside. Let it be enough to say that the book has this two-fold appeal: it is full of facts, heartening facts in the main; and it is full of adventure. When I wrote "fire, flood, war, pestilence," I meant literally that, and you may add temporary blindness to the hardness Miss Homer accepted.

But what of China? That is the thing we chiefly want to know, though it is now nearly two years since Miss Homer left the country. Here is an anecdote which helps one to understand much. In a hospital she met a Chinese girl who had lost an arm and a leg. This girl had come with 16 friends from Singapore. They were among those whom Mme. Chiang herself had trained as nurses and teachers. She was now the only one of that little group left alive. Miss Homer was horrified at this story, and the Chinese girl said: "You must know that we do not want to die. We came here to teach, and to help

Mr Bunting



at War

"Through the devastation he walked, stepping over hoses, skirting bomb craters. All the warnings of the past were now the facts of the moment, a nightmare made true and visible. Through it strode Mr Bunting, to do business in ironmongery, one of the million little men Hitler failed to understand. . . ."

ROBERT GREENWOOD'S novel of the Battle of the Buntungs is the November Choice of the Book Society

8s.

DENT

Wills and Trusts in Peace and War

Desirable as it is in normal times to consider appointing the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company as your executor or as trustee of an estate or fund in which you are interested, prevailing conditions render such a step even more advisable now.

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These are the more cheerful aspects of a book which has its dark pages. China's path ahead is long and difficult. Many necessities are lacking; the wounded must wait days, and sometimes weeks, for medical attention. The final outcome is still a matter of imponderable "ifs." But here is a book which dodges nothing, which shows you the situation as it was not long ago, and which is immensely readable in every page.

There is not much to be said about *Augustus John's Drawings* (Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.). Mr. John's perfection as a draughtsman is so well known that it should be sufficient to say that this treasureable book is now available. It contains 64 plates, beginning with one of 1895 and ending with one of the present year. Thus we are able to consider the development of the artist's work over nearly half a century, and to marvel that the development has been so small. If, from the beginning, there is the inescapable note of mastery, and throughout the years we see little but the perpetually enchanting restatement of an artist working with perfect constitude.

There is not much group-work here, and very little landscape; by far the greater number of the drawings are of clothed women, standing or sitting alone. The harmony of figure and drapery is as sweet as a sonnet; and even when, as in the delightful Plate 43, we have a back view, with nothing of the woman visible but the nape of the neck and a hand resting on the bunched hair above it, an individuality is achieved which would permit us to know that woman if ever we had seen her.

When Mr. John does depart from this main theme, it is only to excite a regret that other aspects of his work are not more widely represented. The picture of three blind men, their sightless eyes turned to the sky, might be a Daumier illustration to a line by Baudelaire; and the Welsh parson baptising a woman by total immersion in a pond suggests a whole national background in a few inches of space. This is a book to buy, and to look at again and again.

Nowadays the war is either the dominant theme or the background of so many novels that I at least welcome an occasional relief from it. Such a relief we have in Winifred Peck's *A Garden Enclosed* (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.).

Lady Peck has gone for her theme back to the 60's of last century. The Rev. Mr. Hoskins, Rector of Saffronlea, on the Somerset-Wiltshire border, was an Evangelical parson living in a world sorely troubled by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace, who made the first chapter of Genesis read like a fairy-tale, and by Cardinal Manning who was the incarnation of all imaginable Scarlet Women.

To defend a position from which he refused to budge, Mr. Hoskins became a tyrannical husband and father, so that, when the story opens, one son has already been driven from home and Mrs. Hoskins has taken permanently to the position of *malade imaginaire*, spending her life in her bedroom where no rigours can touch her.

Mr. Hoskins is as harsh and bigoted as Trollope's Mr. Crawford, though lacking the depth and tragic grandeur of Trollope's greatest character. He learns wisdom in the end; and Lady Peck's novel is the story of that bitter but salutary lesson.

The local manor is owned by Catholics, and Mrs. Hoskins's sister is a Catholic too, so one may imagine something of the lines on which the narrative runs. It involves, before all is ended, a rebellion of the three Hoskins girls—and husbands for all of them; and a first-rate dressing down of Mr. Hoskins by a dressmaker's assistant who he imagined was a good deal worse than she should be.

Lady Peck knows both the Anglican and the Catholic side of the quarrel inside out; but she has not wrapped her novel in dialectics or theology, for she knows the humanities too, and what a part they play in well ordered lives.

Mr. Vivian Connell's novel *The Squire of Shaftesbury Avenue* (Constable, 8s. 6d.) is the story of Alfred Smilly, a fish-porter's son from Billingsgate, who became famous in the West End theatres as Luke Hampshire, the most perfect gentleman who ever trod the boards in a booted shirt, or a squire's tweeds, or a huntsman's pink. Always Luke Hampshire's parts were "old school tie."

We meet him at the moment when he has decided to put all this acting to the touch of reality, to buy a country house, leave the stage, and be the squire in very truth. We see how well he succeeds; how the "county" accepts him; how he moves to the verge of marriage with a titled woman; how, almost, he becomes M.F.H. to the Cotshire.

But though Alfred Smilly had been Luke Hampshire for so long, he knew that Luke Hampshire was bogus, that he had trodden a cheap, popular, commercial road; and there was something better than that in Alfred Smilly.

A young actress helped him to see what this something was; and at the end there is reason to hope that Alfred will adorn a stage which Luke had merely decorated.

Mr. Connell appears to know his world of the theatre, and he has a sense of scene and character. Even the most raffish of his people—and there are a few of them—are alive and kicking. This, I understand, is a first novel, and a good one it is.

ESCAPE FROM WAR

AMONG novels recently published perhaps the one above all most likely to carry the reader's mind happily away from present discontents is *Eden Island* (Hodder and Stoughton, 8s. 3d.), by J. C. Fennessy. Some readers will be enchanted by the story of the richest girl in the world made intrinsically so lonely by her wealth and by the narrowness of her upbringing as the niece of a millionaire uncle who tolerated nothing that might distract her interest from himself. Others will revel in the taste and distinction with which Sophia, when she becomes her own mistress, sets about the creation of an island paradise. Her plans for Eden Island, the skilled lieutenants with whom she surrounds herself, who carry out her commands, the lovely thing that she and these others create, are quite unlike anything one has met in any recent book. Mr. Fennessy fortunately makes his heroine not only captivating but human enough to find that she needs more in life than her island and its happy people. A wildly exciting rescue at sea brings the book to a conclusion and Sophia to the end of loneliness. This uncommon story, which will captivate the simplest reader, is obviously the work of an author both widely read and travelled, whose reading and living have provided its material.

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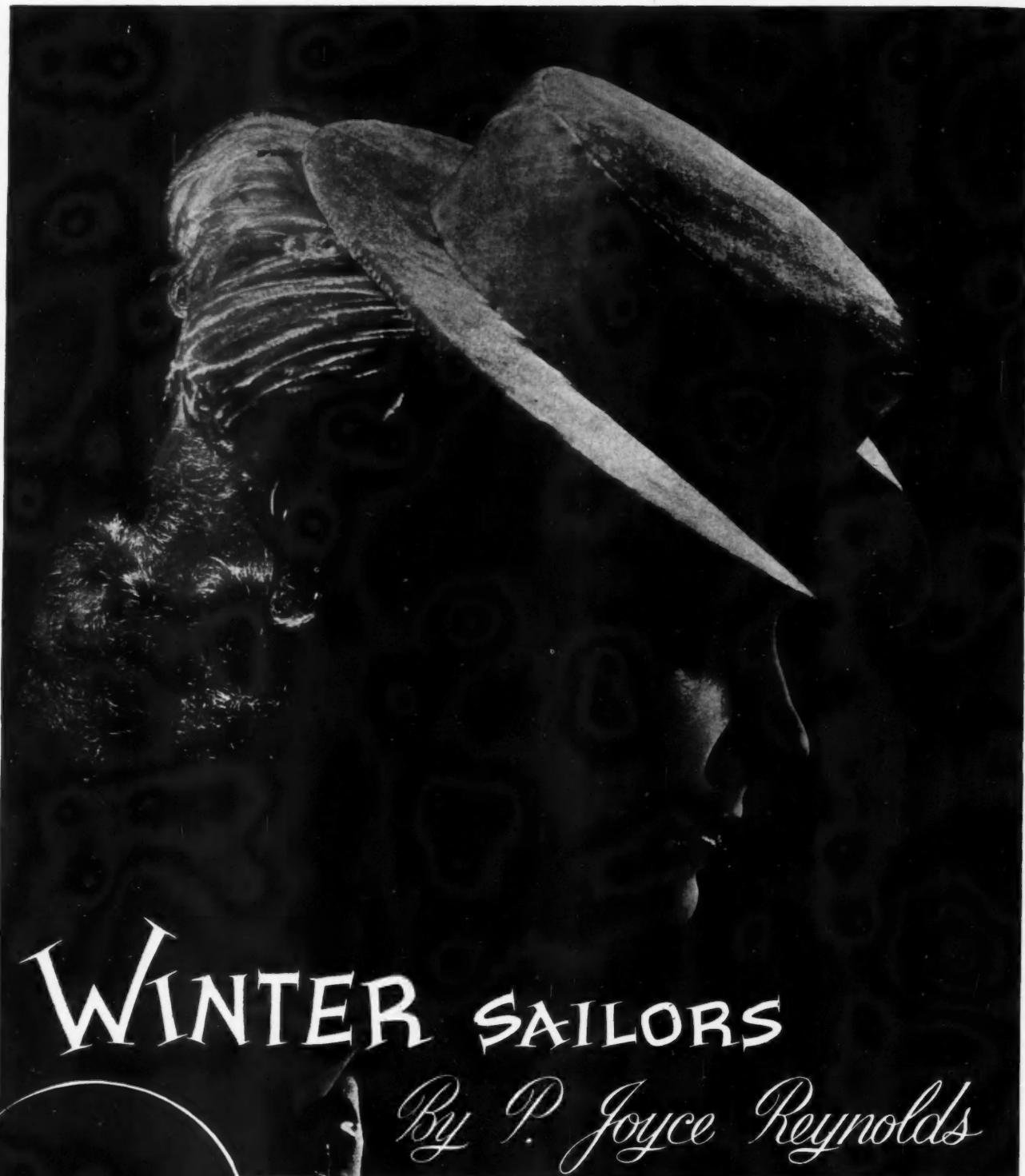
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The winter sailor, tilted forward, dead level with the brows, in velvet with ostrich foaming under the brim.

The round felt from Jacqmar is worn well forward with a neat coiffure brushed up from the nape of the neck.

PHOTOGRAPHS
by DENES

AHAT is successful when it has the correct proportions for the rest of the costume, the right angle for the neckline. One of the first rules, therefore, is never to buy a hat merely by sitting down at a mirror and seeing if the colour suits you and the lines are good for your profile. You cannot get the balance of the whole silhouette that way, especially the size of the hat in relation to the length and width of the skirt, which is most important. Often a hat needs an alteration in the *coiffure*. The round, rolled caps of felt that we wore a few years back looked nothing unless attached to a snood which kept the severe line behind the ears. This winter's sailors require the hair brushed well back from the ears and long at the back, either as a page-boy roll or as soft loose curls. Contrariwise, many are smartest with the hair kept short and brushed up, showing the outline of the head.

The widish pointed revers on this winter's coats have added width to hat-brims, and the soft rolled collars on jackets tend to make brims become more like saucers and less like discs. The winter sailors are worn well forward, straight over the brows. The rounded sailors with saucer brims, more like toques, are pulled forward slightly to one side. Molyneux makes small mushroom felts or mushroom-brimmed hats in flat fur to go with his soft necklines and Peter Pan

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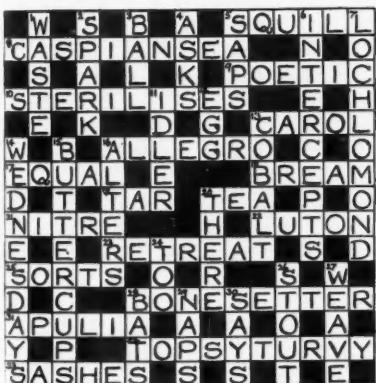
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Keep it Handy

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MORELLA
CHERRY
BRANDY**

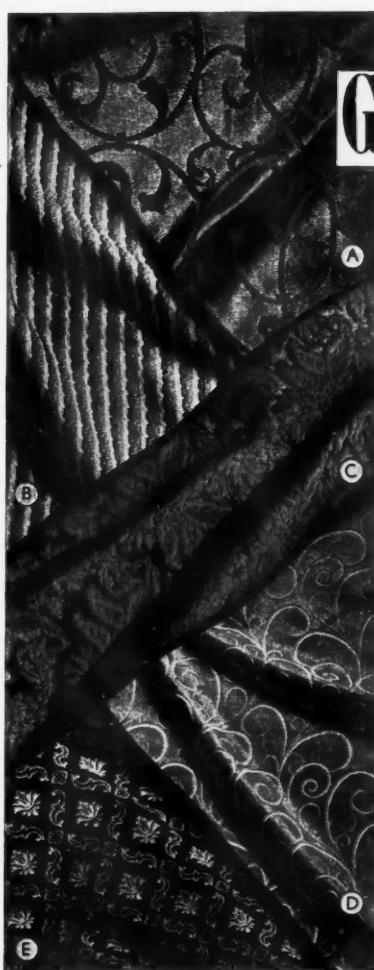
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SOLUTION to No. 613

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of October 24, will be announced next week.


ACROSS.

- Masculine attire, part feminine, part masculine or feminine (9)
- The fowl seems to be safe from sunstroke (5)
- A cabal man (9)
- It's worth changing: much may depend on it (5)
- He opposed the Crusades (7)
- An age? Certainly. But obliteration (7)
- A snare for the drinker? (3)
- They get people out of a hot place (7)
- "In spite" (anagr.) (7)
- It has to be paid regularly by the 20 down (7)
- Unsteady (7)
- The cold end of a poultice (3)
- Not a walk-over (7)
- Wrinkles do: just a matter of ancestry (7)
- What the story of Gib., like so many romances, ends in (5)
- Unrehearsed (9)
- An animal buried in the landslide (5)
- Bird or its food? (9)


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"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 614

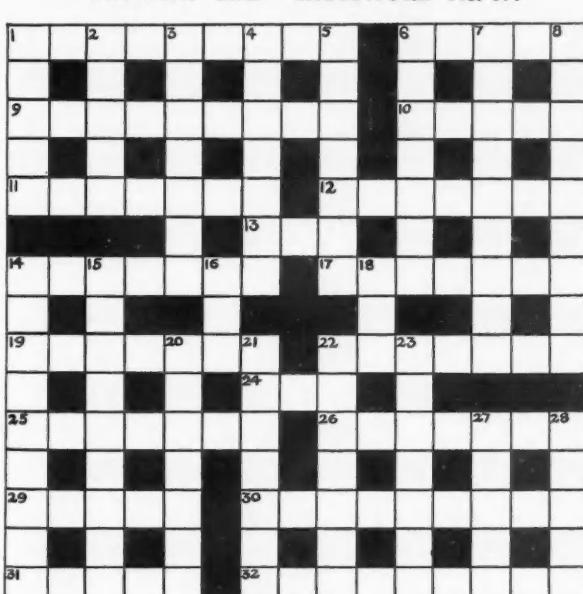
A prize of books to the value of two guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 614, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the *first post on the morning of Thursday, November 6, 1941*.

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 614

The winner of Crossword No. 612 is Mrs. Fenwick Owen, Claxby Hall, Alford, Lincolnshire.

DOWN.

- Even if they don't sound natural, people live in them (5)
- The warship's floating filling station (5)
- Flower for a royal vessel (7)
- Excursions without alarms (7)
- Sunburn on a man geometrically considered (7)
- "And he before his —— door Was sitting in the sun." —Southey (7)
- "Prince Opū" (anagr.) (9)
- What an American sailor may have left behind him (two words, 3, 6)
- Dangerous occupation that may mean death (9)
- "The barge she sat in like a burnished throne Burned on the water." —Shakespeare (9)
- Antipodean bird (3)
- It's not very cold here in France (3)
- Against fire or accident? (7)
- It sounds as though this part of the body were in Morocco (7)
- Set back (7)
- Americans should dwell there in harmony (7)
- Mark of a good Greek prose (5)
- As pines do resin (5)


 Name.....

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WINTER SAILORS

Hartnell makes a becoming felt sailor with a saucer brim and a dented oval crown. At the back, streamers of corded silk ribbon float to the nape of the neck. This felt is copper-coloured, matching the copper-coloured frock.

Harrods combine mink with pale eggshell blue felt inset between the fur brim and the roll of mink that edges the top of the crown. The sailor tilts forward slightly to one side and is tied up with veiling.



fur collars. These he tilts slightly to one side.

The popularity of the dead black dress has given hats a chance to be gay in colour. The beautiful sailor we have photographed from Erik is made in all kinds of deep rich velvets and also in pale icy blues and greens. Bright cherry, scarlet, and purple hats are fashionable with black: so are fur and felt sailors and swathed turbans, half fur and half wool jersey, that are pulled right over the hair so that only a "widow's peak" shows on the forehead. Bright colours are used, and that and the fur make a roll of colour all round the face and behind the ears. This colour is then picked up in belt and gloves.

Country hats are in all shades of bright red, green, russet brown and a lovely nut brown which matches exactly the many nut brown shoes and handbags that accompany tweeds. The wide-brimmed felt, with flat tuck making a double edge to the brim and an oval flat crown, looks brand new after the high cones of crowns and dashing brims of the last few years. These large hats are very becoming, but are only for still winter days. Stitched felts with jockey peaks are good for either town or country and wind, and are easy to wear; so are tricornes of felt in deep blues, reds or greens. Scotts make felt sailors with a narrow ruche of corded silk ribbon laid inside the double brim and another to hold it on. Fluffy sailors, like a Regency "beaver," match angora sweaters and mitts and need to be worn with smooth, sleek tailor-mades to look really smart.

The scarf twined round the head has disappeared and been replaced by the handkerchief folded to a triangle that covers the hair except in the front and is tied like a bandana.

Knitted caps are made like a high fez in broad ribs, in cable stitch or basket stitch, and are equally good with tweeds or a plain town top-coat. They are matched by knitted gloves, often by ankle-socks, and are best in solid colours. If your tweed suit is one of the multi-coloured dice checks or rainbow plaids, knit your accessories in a plum, chestnut brown, deep blue, or bottle green. If it is in the classical Shetland brown frieze or a herringbone in neutral shades, accessories can be bright emerald green, violet, fuchsia, ultramarine blue, or scarlet. All these bright clear shades are good with a dark town outfit.

Fair Isle sweaters, socks and skull caps are being revived most successfully. They look smart with the stone and brown herringbone and plain tweeds that are being shown in advance spring collections and are a boon to home knitters who want to economise in coupons, as all kinds of odd bits of wool can be used up.

Revers, cut all in one, are shown in the mid-season collection of tweeds that Mr. Hardy Amies has designed for Worth, while on leave from the Army. The top button has been lowered and revers are soft. The jackets button to the waist, are long and have a leather belt slung through the pockets well below the normal waistline. Tweeds are in plain solid colours, either beige, soft blue or crushed strawberry. Here I saw the first spring coat, in men's suiting in a Glenurquhart check in greys and blues, cut with wide armholes, patch pockets and fitted at the waist to give a sleek hipline. Molyneux is making his town and country tweeds in purple and blue frieze with creased pleated skirts and shortish jackets, fitted at the waist and buttoning to the throat, where there is a turn-down collar.

Fur jackets for wearing over these plain frieze suits, equally good in town or country, are shown by the National Fur Company in raccoon, in ocelot with beaver facings and sleeves, or in wallaby that is processed like a phantom-weight beaver. This gives the surface a lustre that is charming and very becoming to the skin. Raccoon with its frosted look is worked into chunky box coats, excellent with the purple, crimson and chestnut friezes.

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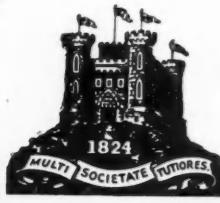
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